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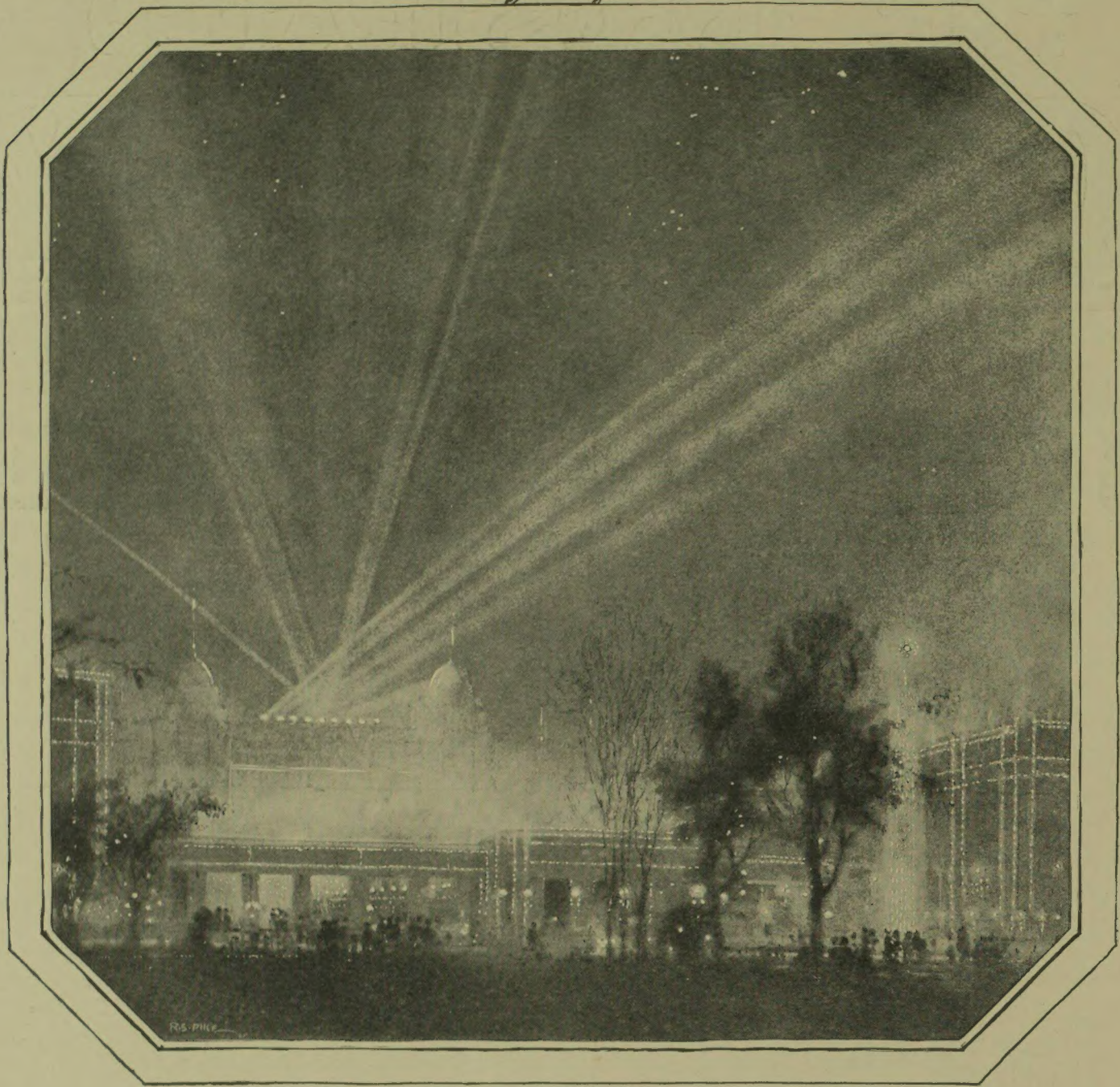
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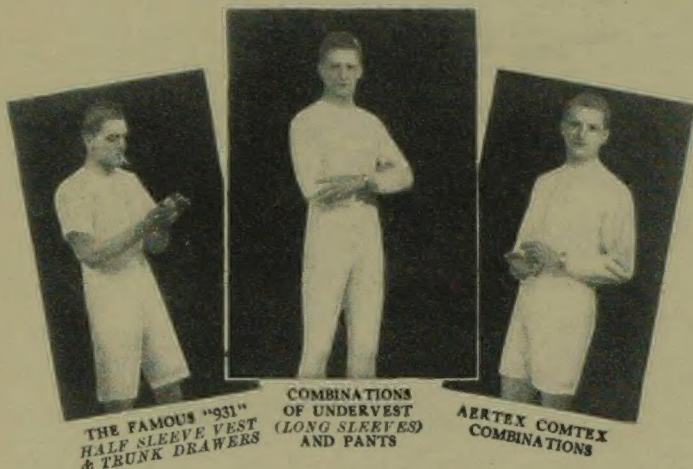
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1925.

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A CHARMING ROYAL VISITOR: THE DUCHESS OF YORK, WITH THE DUKE (EXTREME RIGHT) SMILES AT LITTLE HOSPITAL PATIENTS IN DUDLEY, WHERE SHE RECEIVED CHEQUES FOR £10,000 TO FREE THE INSTITUTION FROM DEBT.

The Duke and Duchess of York visited Dudley, in the Black Country, on June 4, and made a tour of the district, inspecting several works. In the afternoon they returned to Dudley and went over the Guest Hospital, where the beds of many patients, including children, had been placed in the open air in the quadrangle. The Duchess, who was presented with a bouquet, looked as charming as ever, and was delighted with the little patients who waved their flags as she and the

Duke approached. Later the royal visitors attended a bazaar, or Old English fair, held to pay off a debt of £10,000 on the hospital, and the Duchess was presented with cheques which practically amounted to that sum. During their visit the Duke and Duchess were the guests of Lord and Lady Ednam, and, when they were entertained at tea, Lady Patricia Ward, daughter of Lord Dudley, acted as waitress at their table.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

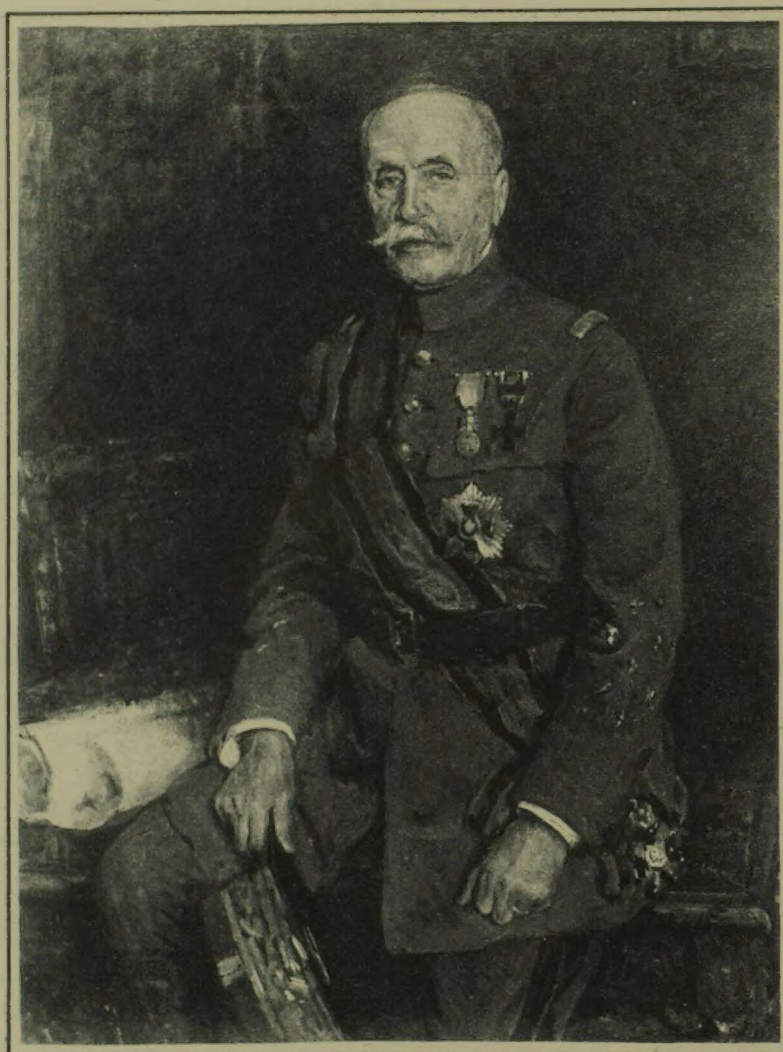
I HAVE already seen too many reactions to be a reactionary. One of the advantages of the passage of time is that a man does learn how much of fashion there is in mere reaction. It is always implied that the good old times are only praised by the bad old men. I do not know whether my years and crimes yet entitle me to be considered a bad old man, but I am quite sure that I have never at any time, or in any fashion, been fool enough to talk in mere praise of the good old times. I have praised particular times for particular things, and given particular and perfectly reasonable reasons. But even in my own lifetime I have been able to see that things cannot be judged in so simple and sweeping a fashion; that there were not two things definitely to be classed as a new time and an old time. There were times and times, as the landladies used to say when their lodgers threw the crockery or fought with the fire-irons. I may be a reactionary in the sense of thinking that some reactions are sometimes useful, though seldom final; and in the sense of being ready for reactions, whether they are useful or not. And I happened to notice last week how curiously our art critics are leaving out the fact of reaction, which is quite a different thing from a faith in reaction. It seems as if artists and art critics would be the last people left to believe in progress, when it has been abandoned even by the progressives.

I see that an American critic, writing on the affair of the Hudson Memorial in Hyde Park, tells us the old, old story of progress, as it lingers only in the old-world atmosphere of America. He depicts the artists as pioneers (O pioneers!) and the people as following their lead; which, by the way, is not in the least what people really do with pioneers. The pioneer in front of an army has no more to do with determining its direction than the last and least camp-follower at the tail of it. But progressives are always great at misleading metaphors; and very naturally, since progress itself is only a metaphor and the most misleading of all metaphors. Indeed, it is rather an interesting comment on the theory of the artist as pioneer to notice the present position of Walt Whitman, who is now popularly known almost entirely by that one particular mistake. If that is what is meant by the artist leading and the people following, it is probably quite true. People may pick up the phrase about pioneers like the phrase about bananas, and toss it about like a banana-skin—we might truly add, slip up on it and fall down heavily, as people do on banana-skins and scraps of bad philosophy. But the greatness that there really was in Walt Whitman is no more a popular possession to-day than it was when people were first puzzled by "Leaves of Grass." His mood has not been communicated to everybody; though, in fact, it was a mood of seeking communication with everybody. His universality has not been in the least universalised. Of a million people crossing Brooklyn Ferry or Brooklyn Bridge, there are not many more feeling as Whitman felt; there are perhaps fewer with time to think about democracy instead of about dollars.

That sincere though sometimes muddled and misguided sense of comradeship and the joy of life, that really were in Whitman's poems, has not really been successfully revealed by Whitman's poems. They are far less generally understood to-day than is the charity of St. Francis in a simpler age, or the naturalism of Wordsworth in a simpler tradition. Walt Whitman remains largely a rude and half-hewn statue in a studio, to be appreciated only by artists. He remains an almost indecipherable inscription, to be read only by antiquaries.

Wishing to be the poet of the many, he has remained the poet of the few. Appealing to those to whom no poet had yet appealed, he has been read only by those who specialised in poetry. And even those who understand his mood do not generally share it. The cultured old gentleman who has the works of Whitman bound side by side with the works of Rossetti and Arthur Symonds, does not feel any impulse to climb up on to his own chimney-pot in order to sound his barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world. The polished New Yorker, sauntering down Broadway with the intention of buying a beautifully bound "Selections from Whitman" to give to Mrs. Vanboost Pyke, very seldom stands still suddenly in the middle of the pavement, announcing in a loud voice: "I think I could stop here and work miracles."

great. So far from that enlargement and love of men and things that struggled for expression in him having found any further expression in his followers, the only thing they try to express is exactly the opposite. The whole point of Walt Whitman, right or wrong, is that the great heart of man should be an inn with a hundred doors standing open. It is that there should be a sort of everlasting bonfire of special rejoicing and festivity for all men that come and all things that happen; that nothing should be thought too trivial or too dull to be accepted by that gigantic hospitality of the heart. Something may be said presently about what it was that hampered his genius when it strove to express this giant appetite for acceptance. But his imitators in unmetrical verse do not in the least strive to express this appetite. They strive to express exactly the opposite; they strive to express a complete loss of appetite.



THE KING'S ILLUSTRIOUS GUEST AT THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR: "MARSHAL FOCH," BY J. B. CZEDEKOWSKI, A DISTINGUISHED POLISH PORTRAIT-PAINTER GREATLY IN VOGUE IN PARIS.

This fine portrait of Marshal Foch, who recently spent a few days in London and attended the Trooping of the Colour on the King's Birthday (illustrated on pages 1156-7) as his Majesty's guest, is the work of a Polish artist, Mr. J. B. Czedekowski, who is making a great reputation as a portrait-painter in Paris. Many well-known people there have sat to him, and among his best portraits are those of M. Chlapowski, the Polish Ambassador; Mme. Sokolowska, wife of the Councillor of the Polish Embassy; Mrs. Karłowska, of New York; Mrs. Joseph Sexton Thompson; M. De Moro-Giafferi, Under-Secretary for Technical Education; Mr. George H. Davey, Director of Knoedler's Gallery in Paris; Mr. M. B. Paanakker; and M. Gaudin, the French champion fencer. M. Czedekowski's work is distinguished not only for vivid likeness, but for easy naturalness of pose.

From the Picture by J. B. Czedekowski. Copyright Strictly Reserved.

I have not mentioned the fact that what is called "free verse" has become more common, and is in a sense a progress to which Whitman played the pioneer. If having caused other people to write a vast amount of bad poetry, or of stuff too bad to be called poetry, be a triumph for a great poet, by all means let it be added to his triumphs. But in one respect the remark is indeed relevant. It is very interesting to note that most writers of *vers libre* have actually imitated everything in Whitman except that great spirit which, in spite of everything, made him

Read through any collection of free verse published to-day, and count up the number of utterances that are concerned with some form of distaste or even disgust. On the lines of the old songs of the sea these might be called the songs of the sea-sick. There is nothing in which the new poet fancies himself so much as in saying, like a barmaid at a beanfeast, that he does not fancy anything. There is nothing more notable in his literary experiments than the incessant statement that things obtrude themselves repulsively or look loathsome and unclean. Now, whether we think this poetry or the negation of poetry, there is no doubt whatever that it is the very negation of Walt Whitman's poetry. It exists to say the exact opposite to what Whitman existed to say in poems like "This Compost." Whitman said that even things that look dirty to everybody else looked healthy to him. The new poet says that things which look healthy to everybody else look dirty to him. The poetry of repugnance, if it be poetry at all, cannot be said to follow the poetry of acceptance, except in refusing to accept it. In other words, the mere mistake of Whitman in thinking he could do without rhythm and tradition may have been copied. But what he was trying to express has not been understood, even by those who copied him. What he was trying to say has not been said. Fools have copied the way in which he said it—or rather, they have copied the cause of his failing to say it.

Without attempting any parallel with current art, that is the current fallacy as it appears in the case of literature. It Mr. Epstein really has something to express, if there really is a sort of pantheistic purpose in the upward thrust of his rigid figures, his American admirer is entirely wrong in supposing that the something will some day be appreciated. He is quite wrong in supposing that Epstein, even if he is right, will be recognised rightly a hundred years hence; least of all will he be recognised for the right reason. The chances are that, even if there is something in his work, it will be less important than it is now. Whitman is less important now than he was then. Whistler is less important now than he was

then. These new artists are never again so important as they were when they were new. And the reason lies in the very fact that (even when they have something in them like Whistler and Whitman) they do exaggerate some mode or manner which is less eternal than tradition. It is exactly because Whitman tried to be too original in style that the world does not know how original he really was in spirit. This is what the American critic does not see; and this is why I have ventured to illustrate it with a great name in American literature.

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 1188, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland) or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

QUEEN VICTORIA AS ARTIST: ROYAL ETCHINGS ON VIEW IN LONDON.

BY COURTESY OF THE BROOK STREET ART GALLERY.



DRAWN BY THE PRINCE CONSORT AND ETCHED BY QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1840 :
"EOS," A FAVOURITE GREYHOUND.



ETCHED BY QUEEN VICTORIA: A STAG-HUNTING SCENE AFTER LANDSEER,
WHO WAS ONE OF HER INSTRUCTORS.



AN ETCHING DONE BY QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1841: A STUDY OF HORSES'
HEADS—AFTER LANDSEER.



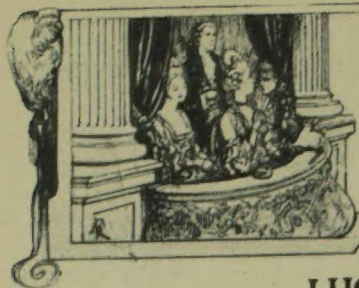
ONE OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S ETCHINGS DATED 1842: A GROUP OF WOMEN—
FRUITSELLERS AND THEIR CUSTOMERS.



DRAWN BY QUEEN VICTORIA AND ETCHED BY THE PRINCE CONSORT IN 1840 :
"ISLAY," A SCOTTISH TERRIER.

A very interesting exhibition of etchings by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort was opened at the Brook Street Art Gallery, 14, Brook Street, Bond Street, on June 12, and will remain on view until July 3. Both Queen Victoria and her husband were enthusiastic art students, and devoted much time to drawing and etching, under the tuition of various well-known artists. The Queen took lessons, at one time and another, from Sir Edwin Landseer, the famous animal-painter,

who was much at Court; from Mr. W. L. Leitch, a Scottish water-colour painter; and, in water colours also, from Edward Lear, author of the "Book of Nonsense." The royal artists were modest about their own achievements, and the Prince Consort, who studied oil painting as well as water colours, etching, and lithography, explained that he had no idea of "doing anything worth looking at," but merely wished to be able "to judge and appreciate the works of others."



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



LUCIEN GUITRY.—ARE THERE NO PLAYS?—RUSSIAN BALLET.

LUCIEN GUITRY was the great actor of our time. He stood aloft, acclaimed by all the world. In his younger days his personality, rugged, strong, squat, more typical of French commerce than of French art, had to overcome a certain lack of personal prepossession, but as he grew older, and his features settled to dominating nobility, he conquered at the very moment he appeared. He was all that the word "man" implies. Decision, strength of will, unconsciousness of surroundings emanated from his personality. He was one of those of whom it could be said without exaggeration, "he lived his parts." His style was trenchant, often mordant. It was akin to his forceful being; but he commanded pathos too, and then his voice mellowed to such tenderness as to move the hearer to infinite sympathy. Who can forget his paternal suavity in "Mon Père avait Raison"—that lovable play that healed the breach between father and son, that actor-playwright of genius, Sacha? His heart vibrated in his voice. The actor merged into the sire proud and full of solicitude for his offspring. He has played through the whole gallery of France's modern drama; in his youth he was the Armand of "La Dame aux Camélias," which part heralded his great future. But his leaning was towards strong characters—men of action, leaders of men, figures that dominated by restraint. He was always human, but he never wore his heart upon his sleeve. Controlled emotion was his magic.

Above all that is great in his work towers "Pasteur." The famous scene of his conflict with the medical profession is unforgettable. There he stood as if hewn in granite, a superman if ever there was one, and outwardly inaccessible to influences endeavouring to sway his convictions. He was the living embodiment of principle. One felt inclined to paraphrase the word of the brilliant Louis: "La science! c'est moi." And yet we were to see the other—the human man, when age came with its softening power. Then he ceased to overawe us—we felt that he was as one of us; the metal of yesterday had melted away; his heart beat in his voice.

When we beheld Guity all semblance of acting, in the ordinary sense of the word, ceased to exist. He was so easy, so free, so unconcerned; his every movement was as simple as life itself. The observer unfamiliar with the technique of the stage would believe that all he did was born of sheer intuition. There was no sign of effort, of study. And yet Guity—most modest of men—would protest that his work was not merely the inspiration of genius. He declared that every part cost him months of study, of penetration, that his very ease of speech and deportment were method. He had been brought up in the school of rhetoric, and he rebelled against it. To be natural, to be free of pose and affectation, to give to the word not only sound but meaning—that was his valuation of his art. Hence already in the days when realism was still in its infancy, he was different from his fellow players. He was a realist, but one who sensed with great accuracy where lay the boundary line of plastic and real beauty.

The young school of France—indeed, of all countries—owes an inalienable debt to Lucien Guity. It is through him that the maxim of *ars celare artem* became the keynote of the facile, unforced way that has pervaded the modern drama. To be praised as one approaching Guity—for equal he had none—is the highest praise that can be bestowed on a character actor. And in that one word "Guity" lies a world of meaning—as well as a chapter of histrionic history.

Mr. Dennis Eadie, than whom we have no more talented character actor, when chided by a colleague, after the swift withdrawal of "Jacob's Ladder," for his all-too-rare appearances at his theatre, the Royalty, defended himself as follows—

In justice to myself, may I once more point out that my non-appearance is entirely due to there being no plays, or rather, such a scarcity of possible ones that there are not enough to go round, and few, if any, contain a part for me. My book recording the list of plays and their *précis* submitted to me at the Royalty Theatre, since

round," and few suitable to him? How does he set about to find them, or does he wait for them to be brought to him? Does he ever go to the Sunday Societies and their experimental performances? Does he employ a reader to peruse the many plays printed nowadays by the Bennis, the "Stage's Bureau," and other publishers? Does he keep an eye on what is going on abroad? The answer seems to be obvious, for, I venture to say it boldly, there are many plays—and to spare—for an actor of such versatility as Mr. Dennis Eadie. I could name a few straight off the reel if it were my business to do so. I cannot resist one recommendation, because the play I have in view is so eminently suited to Mr. Eadie that I would prefer him to snatch it up before anybody else obtains it. I mean "Knock," the wonderful French doctor-charlatan comedy, lately published by Benn, and, after having been the talk of Paris, accepted in all the principal theatres of the Continent. As a critic, I am often asked to read plays, and, whenever I have time to spare to do so, I find—among much that is worthless, it is true—now and again something which sooner or later looms up for production. If this is the outcome of reading a small number of plays, how much greater must be the opportunities of a

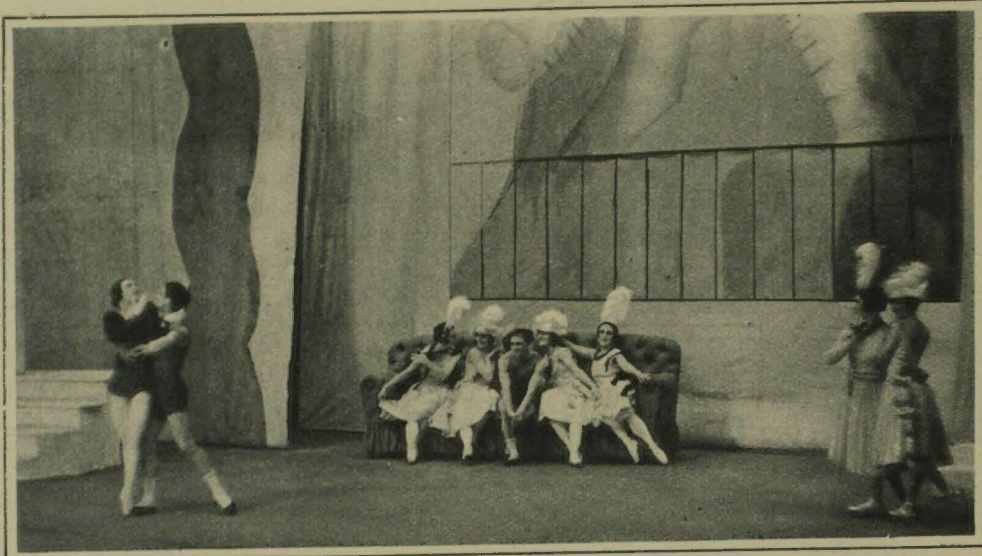
well-known actor-manager like Mr. Eadie, whose offices, I should surmise, must be flooded with manuscripts? The agents, too, tell one that they have full quivers, but I have heard more than once that they have great difficulties in getting the plays offered read at all—or that the reading takes such an unconscionable time as to render the authors impatient to withdraw their scripts. Authors who prefer direct negotiations have been known to utter the same complaint.

If Mr. Dennis Eadie will allow me, I will suggest to him a pretty safe test to discover whether there are really no plays suitable to his gifts and his theatre. Let him offer a prize of, say, £200 on account of royalties and production for the best comedy suitable to all his requirements.

It has been tried before, and it succeeded. Some eight years ago I was an umpire in such a competition, opened by Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard. Some 268 plays were sent in. Twelve came into the dead-heat. One was selected, and its author was Harry Wall. Not such a barren result, to have discovered the author of "Havoc"!

What a difference between this and the last visit of the Russian Ballet to the Coliseum! Then the performances bore the tired aspect of the fag end: the costumes were worn; the scenery was shabby; the dancers seemed weary, and there was nothing new in the programme. I ventured to say so candidly at the time, and it is, therefore, a great pleasure to reverse the former verdict. It is as if new life had been infused into the whole enterprise since its recent success in Paris. All is spick and span; the pictures in the sapfulness of new paint are rich in colour; the costumes are resplendent in dainty hues and the glamour of brocade; the dancers more alert in spring-like agility, and such perfection of choreographic harmony that an occasional halt or difference with the orchestra escapes the majority, if not the observant eye of the regular and studious patron. But then Eugene Goossens, enthusiastic, familiar with every scene, whether it be the ever-lively "Carnaval," or whether it be one of the little new ballets, wields his baton with the firmness of a marshal. Nothing escapes him; whether it be a note or a figure—his memory is as astounding as his inspired assurance. A new spirit seems to emanate from the dancers. There is more dancing and graceful pacing than acrobatic strenuousness. In other words, more evidence of individuality and less of drill.

Thus these ballets, with music often bizarre but always expressive of the action, are a feast of line and motion and colour, rapturously enjoyed by huge audiences of all sorts and conditions of men and women.



THE FIRST LONDON PRODUCTION OF "THE HOUSE PARTY" ("LES BICHES"): THE RUSSIAN BALLET PRESENT A NOVELTY AT THE COLISEUM—(ON THE LEFT) MME. VERA NEMTCHINOVA AND M. ANTON DOLIN.

"The House Party," a ballet by M. François Poulenc given in Paris last year under the title, "Les Biches," was produced for the first time in London, at the Coliseum recently. The choreography was arranged by Mlle. Nijinska, and the scenery and costumes were designed by Mlle. Marie Laurencin. The piece has no particular story, but affords opportunities for admirable dancing.—[Photograph by the "Times."]

1910 to the present date, will prove to anyone of unbiased mind how few and far between the plays are that have any merit whatever—and how these are getting less and less.

Of course, we have to take his word for granted, but his explanation throws a strange light on the circumspection of some of our managers. Is it correct to say, "There being no plays, or not enough to go



RECIPIENT OF THE "SKETCH" AWARD FOR THE BEST ACTING OF THE MONTH FOR HER PERFORMANCE IN "SUN-UP": MISS LUCILLE LA VERNE, WITH HER LITTLE DAUGHTER, GRACE.

The May award given by the "Sketch," for the finest piece of acting during the month, fell to Miss Lucille La Verne for her excellent performance as the Widow Cagle in "Sun-Up," at the Vaudeville. Miss La Verne, who hails from Carolina, last appeared in London in 1906, in "Clarice," with William Gillette. She has since been seen in the French Revolution film, "Orphans of the Storm," as Mère Fouchard.—[Photograph by Lenarc.]

THE ITALIAN OPERA SEASON: FAMOUS SINGERS FOR COVENT GARDEN.



A WELL-KNOWN BELGIAN TENOR WHO HAS AN ENGLISH WIFE: M. OCTAVE DUA.



A DRAMATIC SOPRANO FAMOUS IN LONDON AND ON THE CONTINENT: MME. MARGHERITA SHERIDAN AS MADAME BUTTERFLY.



AN ITALIAN TENOR HEARD HERE IN "GIANNI SCHICCHI" IN 1920: SIGNOR LUIGI CILLA.



VERY POPULAR IN AMERICA AND MAKING HER LONDON DÉBUT THIS SEASON: MME. ELISABETH RETHBERG.



A FAMOUS SINGER WHO MADE A GREAT NAME AT THE VIENNA OPERA: MME. MARIA JERITZA, WITH HER CHAMPION DACHSHUND.



A COLORATURA SOPRANO HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL IN ITALY, AMERICA, AND AUSTRALIA, MAKING HER LONDON DÉBUT: MME. TOTI DAL MONTE.



A DISTINGUISHED TENOR WHO WAS BORN IN EGYPT, BUT IS OF GREEK PARENTAGE: M. ULYSSES LAPPAS.



A TENOR IMMENSELY POPULAR IN ITALY AND NEW YORK, NOW MAKING HIS LONDON DÉBUT: SIGNOR GIACOMO LAURI-VOLPI.

The Italian Opera Season at Covent Garden is to begin on Monday, June 15, and continue for four weeks. We give portraits here of some of the famous singers engaged, several of whom (as noted above) are making their first appearance in London. Mme. Toti dal Monte, who is a native of Venice, has recently returned from the Melba tour in Australia. She holds a high position at La Scala, in Milan.—Mme. Margherita Sheridan, who has also won great favour there and at other great opera houses, was born in Dublin. She made her London début as Mimi in 1919.—Mme. Maria Jeritza was prevented by the war from appearing at Covent Garden in 1915. She was born of poor parents at Brunn, and was intended for a nun, but committed three petty "crimes" at the

convent in order to save her hair from being shorn, and to be sent home. She made her début in 1907. Her voice charmed the Emperor Francis Joseph, and she joined the Vienna Opera. She is the wife of Baron Leopold Popper de Podhragy.—Mme. Elisabeth Rethberg was the success of last season at the Metropolitan Opera, New York.—Signor Giacomo Lauri-Volpi, also immensely popular there, is one of the leading tenors of the day, and has lately sung in Paris.—Signor Luigi Cilla made his London début in 1920 in the first production of "Gianni Schicchi" at Covent Garden.—M. Ulysses Lappas, who was born of Greek parents in Egypt, was first heard in London in 1919.—M. Octave Dua, the Belgian tenor, has sung at Covent Garden since 1914.

"THE COLD DISSECTING-CHAMBER OF HISTORY": GOVERNORS OF INDIA.

"BRITISH GOVERNMENT IN INDIA." By THE MARQUESS CURZON OF KEDLESTON, K.G.*

I SHALL speak of the chandeliers when we ascend to the Ball Room." Thus the Marquess Curzon of Kedleston when describing Government House, Calcutta—"that stately building, by far the finest Government House in the Empire, designed upon the model of my own home of Kedleston in Derbyshire." It would be ungracious and unjust to say that this sentence is the key to the character of the first part of the first volume of "British Government in India," for if those particular pages suggest a most superior guide-book, their Baedekerism is brightened by many an "illumination," many a brilliantly-painted picture gleaming and glowing amidst the darker-written words. And the faults—if they be judged faults—were well-nigh unavoidable. Lord Curzon set out to pay "a debt, too long overdue, both to Calcutta and to India"; to tell the eventful stories of the early Government Houses, the Council Houses, and the "new" Government House—now, since the capital has been moved to Delhi, the residence of the Governor of Bengal. He was drawn into the tales of the Indian houses of Warren Hastings, the Victoria Memorial Hall, the original Holwell Monument—once impudently said never to have existed!—and, especially, into that of the Black Hole, that terrible cell of Old Fort William whose eighteen feet by fourteen feet ten was lighted and ventilated by two small barred windows; that prison "in which 146 British inhabitants of Calcutta were confined on the night of the 20th June, 1756, and from which only 23 came out alive" after a confinement lasting for eleven hours.

He had to recount facts and phases, discuss conception, construction, and contents; he felt it incumbent upon him to record dedicatory inscriptions and the manner in which he caused the "beating of bounds" with brass lines; but, happily, he revelled in less common details—the "Directors' tears" that "cemented each fair wall"; the wooden lions and the clay sphinxes, now of "brick coated with cement and painted"; the kitchens that were nearly two hundred yards from the house and the food borne thence in green, wooden, sedan-like boxes; the "sparkling gravel" brought from Bayswater; the ant-eaten ceilings "adorned with gods in many a string, in imitation of basso-relievoing"; the ball-room floor, which, when prepared for dancing, "had depicted upon it in coloured chalks either the arms of the illustrious individual whom it was desired to honour, or the arms of the Queen, the Governor-General, and the Company"; collared adjutant cranes acting as scavengers; and that much-discussed, much-abused dome of which Raw wrote: "It covers nought below! but ripens sherry Or Madeira—a wood box, perched up alone, To aid proportion and for dumpiness to atone."

As to ceremonial, he knew it intimately; for custom and form are vital in the proper ruling of the East. He it was, for instance, who saw to it that the dilapidated canopy in the Throne Room was replaced by a replica of that in the Royal Palace at Munich—"the handsomest that I knew." And he studied the significance of the regalia associated with the Oriental idea of supreme authority. "The gold mace . . . was a symbol of honour, gold being regarded as a scarer of spirits. . . . Another regal emblem is the *sinha-mukha*, or lion-faced club, which signifies Royalty combined with Justice. The *chowri* or fly-whisk, made of a yak's tail, is a further mark of authority, the *chowri* being waved about the head of the august person, not, in its original conception, for the prosaic purpose of keeping off flies, but to gather together and dispose of any evil spirits who might be hovering about. . . . Another sign of royalty is the fan or punkah, the waving of which in Oriental symbolism is not designed merely to give a breath of much-wanted air to a perspiring prince, but to drive away depression from the Royal brow. The peacock-feather brush (*morchal*) is also an appurtenance of Indian Royalty, the eye in the plumage being supposed to guarantee special protection against the Evil Eye. But among these emblems the one that is most closely associated in

the East with Royalty is the Golden Umbrella, which would be brought out on great State occasions and held over the head of the Viceroy or his wife, whether in a carriage or on elephant-back. The King of Burma was always the Lord of the White Umbrella, and the Lord of the Umbrella-bearing Chiefs. Golden umbrellas were conferred upon princes of the blood royal, and eminent chiefs."

That is all well enough; but Lord Curzon's best is seen when he is revitalising and summing up his predecessors in office—those who served and suffered,

Warren Hastings—with his "elegant," "amiable," "most deserving," "sweet," beloved Marian, the Marian whose passage to England, with a woman companion, cost £5000!—Warren Hastings, who ruled for thirteen years, who defied and defeated the "arch-adder" Francis; "who consolidated the work that Clive had begun; who, before he left India, had made the British dominion secure"; who left his office for a retirement which included the seven years' nightmare of the Impeachment.

Then the volatile John Macpherson, "a combination of the political adventurer, the adept intriguer, and the society darling," whose words, said Lady Anne North, "came from his lips like drops of laudanum from a vial and . . . produced the same effect."

Followed by Cornwallis, "a man with quite ordinary abilities but with a sterling character"; and Sir John Shore, "a good man, but as cold as a greyhound's nose." Then Wellesley, the magnificent autocrat, the painted, "splendid and quite unrepentant sinner," "the blooming old swain" of Macaulay, who built Government House at a cost that shocked the Court of Directors of the East India Company, only too conscious of the fact that, when a year to a year and a half separated the issue of a despatch at Calcutta from the arrival of the reply from England, time and the *fait accompli* were on his side.

Next, Minto, who found himself older every birthday; and Moira (afterwards Marquess of

Hastings), full of formality and grandeur—that Lord Hastings who gave one of the most remarkable demonstrations of affection. "When dying, he directed that his right hand should be cut off and clasped in that of his wife when she should follow him. This strange but pathetic request was faithfully carried out. The hand, enclosed in a small box, was deposited in the family vault at Loudoun, in Ayrshire, and when Lady Hastings died, fourteen years later, it was placed in her coffin."

So to the minute-writing Lord William Bentinck, to whose name the abolition of suttee, the suppression of thuggee, and the adoption of English education in State-aided schools have lent lustre; Auckland, "weak and diffident," whose Afghan policy culminated in tragedy; and Ellenborough, of whom the Duke of Wellington remarked, when Greville told him of the Governor's dispositions for the Ferozepore Parade—at which the Indian Army was to be in the form of a star, with the guns at the point of each ray, and a throne for himself in the centre—"and he ought to sit upon it in a strait-waistcoat."

Thence to commonsense, hard-working Hardinge; Dalhousie, "the pepper-pot," complaining that the Court wrote to him in a tone "which no Secretary of State would address to the Governor of the bulls and bisons in the Falkland Islands"; the harassed, Mutiny-ridden Canning, "a slave to his desk"; Lawrence, impatient, honourable, and strenuous, but not a success; the robust Mayo, a keen lover of sport, and a genial, resolute ruler who would have builded better than he did, had not the Pathan convict struck him down in the Andamans; the sage and cautious Northbrook; the Bohemian, literary Lytton, who broke all rules of etiquette by writing to the Queen in the first person, but was forgiven for the candour and charm of his letters; Ripon, the "narrow" Liberal, who "continued for four years to pour the vintage to which he had been accustomed at home into the archaic bottles of Indian tradition and prejudice, and was quite surprised when they burst in his hand"; the shrewd, versatile, aristocratic Dufferin, who "devoted weary hours to the study of Persian, under the quite mistaken impression that it was the language of the educated classes and of the Indian Princes"; and so on.

All these were of the spacious days. The Viceroy "may become the figurehead of the ship rather than the commander of the vessel." This fact alone lends exceptional value to Lord Curzon's last work; but that it has many other claims to the attention has been indicated. If a little of it—a very little of it—is but mildly interesting, much of it is masterly; and the whole of it must be read. See the Governors-General as they pass—the splendour and the sacrifice.

E. H. G.

OUR COLOURED PHOTOGRAVURE PLATE.

An interesting note dealing with the Coloured Photogravure Plate in this number will be found on page 1186.



BUILT BY THE "MAGNIFICENT" LORD WELLESLEY, AND FASHIONED AFTER THE MODEL OF LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON'S COUNTRY HOME, KEDLESTON HALL, DERBYSHIRE, WHICH WAS BUILT BY ROBERT ADAM IN 1759-1770: GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA.

and on occasion profited nabob-fashion, in the "land of sacrifice no less than of glory"; the Governors of the Bengal Presidency, the Governors General of Fort William in Bengal, the Governors General of India, and the Viceroys and Governors General, now in "the cold dissecting-chamber of History." Truly a strangely-assorted company—leaders strong and



A COPY OF THAT IN THE ROYAL PALACE AT MUNICH: THE CANOPY SET UP IN THE THRONE ROOM OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE BY LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

Reproductions from "British Government in India," by the Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, K.G., by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd.

leaders weak; honest men and self-seekers; the pompous and the piously simple; the business-like and the impatient of red-tape; the defiant and the complaisant—strangely assorted, but all to realise that "over the Viceregal throne there hangs not only a canopy of brodered gold, but a mist of human tears."

* "British Government in India: The Story of the Viceroys and Government Houses." By the Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, K.G., Viceroy and Governor-General of India, Jan. 1899—May 1904; and Dec. 1904—Nov. 1905. Illustrated. Two Volumes. (Cassell and Co.; £3 3s. net.)

BLINX AND BUNDA: A TOUR ROUND THE "ZOO."—No. XIV.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



"Look, Blinx, he's testing The plate!"



So I see Bunda, but it appears to be rather painful.

A VISIT TO THE MONKEY HILL: THE HIGH PRIEST OF THE SACRED BABOONS TESTS THE ELECTRICALLY-HEATED PLATE, AND FINDS IT A LITTLE TOO WARM.

Blinx and Bunda are always interested, of course, in any new developments at the Zoological Gardens, and they made a point of paying an early visit to the new Monkey Hill, the home of the sacred brotherhood of baboons. Here they had the luck to see the High Priest of the fraternity testing the

electrically-heated plate installed to keep the brethren warm in chilly weather! He found it a bit too hot. The apparatus, as well as the ultra-violet ray system for providing the baboons with artificial sunlight, was illustrated in our issue of May 23.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

PERSONAL PORTRAITS—BY WALTER TITTLE.

MAJOR IAN HAY BEITH.

IN an attractive house on a quiet street just off Berkeley Square I found Major Ian Hay Beith. As I entered an upper parlour he rose to greet me, tall, dark, and slender, the picture of soldierly fitness that was so familiar to Americans during the war. His long head had an attractive leanness, with the unmistakable stamp of the Scotsman upon his smiling countenance; the whole effect was one of incisive and clean-cut lines.

Before him was a thing that, at a glance, resembled a huge chess-board, further scrutiny revealing, however, that, instead of rooks, bishops, and pawns, were chairs, sofas, screens, and sections of wall in miniature that he had been moving from place to place. A sort of chess of the theatre it proved to be—an elastic stage set that had great advantage over the more common variety in that its members could be moved at will, and the whole rearranged with a minimum of effort to allow for any evolution in the playwright's plans.

"I can easily shift things about, you see, to decide definitely each movement of my characters, and even change the shape of the entire room if I desire. It has the advantage, too, of making the scheme obvious at a glance to managers and producers. I not only clarify my own mind as to the mechanics of the play by this method, but I can present it more clearly to others."

Major Beith has been rewarded with very considerable success in play-writing since he added that form of expression to his other literary activities. The popularity of "Tilly of Bloomsbury" has been phenomenal. Its author smilingly admitted that the house in which we sat was one of the rewards of this particular effort. I was provided, too, with further insight into the technique of play-building by a short account of a more recent effort, "The Sport of Kings." The plot, as he outlined it, provided a most entertaining story indeed, full of excellent humour, and, dovetailed from top to bottom as English society is with interest in the racecourse, the reasons for the popularity of the play were at once evident.

I well remember Major Beith's lecture tour in America in the early years of the war. Some reminiscences of this period were forthcoming. After two years of active service, he was summoned to appear before a superior officer who opened the conversation by saying—

"You have written a book about the war, have you not?"

"I admitted with a bit of trepidation that I had, as such efforts at that time were more likely to bring condemnation than praise," said Major Beith. "I was somewhat surprised, consequently, when I was told that I would be sent as an officer on leave to America, to travel about and lecture on the subject of the war. I expressed my willingness to go, and asked what sort of provision would be made for my maintenance.

"There is no appropriation for this," was the reply. "You will have to live upon the payment you receive for your lectures."

"I thought this precarious, but after my arrival in America I found that I was able to make a great deal of money. About half of my talks were given free, but for the formal ones I charged. I was the first of the lecturers sent officially by the British Government, and during the long period that I was kept in this activity I covered every State in the Union, visiting nearly every town of appreciable size. To many of them I returned, and, to avoid the embarrassment of forgetting the names and faces of acquaintances thus formed, I kept a diary, and found it most useful. What a grind I went through! Speaking often twice a day, for long periods I spent

every night on a train. Then, besides the lectures, was the strain of meeting countless people and being entertained by them. I avoided this as much as possible, but it could not be escaped altogether. After my discourses a reception usually followed; then to my train to get what sleep I could, and do the same thing all over again on the morrow.

"Before America's entry into the war a large number of adventurers swarmed there and profited greatly by lecturing. There was nothing that we could do to stop them until the United States joined the Allies, after which they came under the jurisdiction of British officials, and about seventy of them

thought of it. At any rate, there it is, and it may be useful at some time in the future. A holiday at Palm Beach provided material for a novel, however."

"Without the slightest desire to beg for compliments for my country, what was your impression of the average of intelligence of the many people you met there?"

"Exceedingly high, sincerely," he replied; "higher, I believe, than the average here. Their interest in all subjects was so astonishingly lively. They all seemed so alert. The personal pride in American life and institutions was so intense. As a race, the Americans are very wideawake, and the mental average is exceedingly high."

"Of course it gratifies and flatters me to hear you say this," was my reply, "and the reason for my question at once returns the compliment. Of course, in England I have been fortunate in meeting writers, artists, and a great number of representatives of the class frequently described as the 'intelligentsia.' The mental average is higher than I have found in any other place, and the conversation better."

"London is a meeting-place for people of the kind you mention," he said, "and the best that it affords cannot be excelled. London is England much more than New York is America. In contrast to that vast conglomeration I do not wonder that you find our more condensed intellectual society better. One must travel farther than New York to find its equivalent in America."

On the walls of the room where we sat were some photographs. One of Theodore Roosevelt was inscribed to Major Beith, and he spoke with much admiration and affection of this great man who had been his friend. A photograph of Lincoln was near it, a gift to him on an occasion when he delivered an address at West Point. Another revealed my sitter side by side with Charlie Chaplin.

"An interesting anecdote attaches to that picture," he said. "It shows Chaplin actually enlisting in the British Army. When I was in Los Angeles he asked me to come to him, and told me that he wanted to do his part in the war along with other Englishmen. Everyone else was enlisting, and he wanted to do the same. I took his application and telegraphed it to headquarters. Word came back that he was accepted, accompanied by instructions to stay where he was,

and produce films for the amusement of the soldiers at the front. Chaplin was all right. He was utterly sincere in the matter."

Major Beith, in a discussion of his method of work, said that his long-established habit of committing his ideas to paper had made this operation so much a part of his process of thought that he was forced to write down his ideas to clarify them fully. In this way only can he bring them into complete existence, much as we sometimes recognise that we have not fully understood our thoughts until we hear our own utterance of them. Much re-writing is necessary for him, he said. A year is the approximate time necessary for him to produce a novel. The actual writing of a play may be accomplished in as little as six weeks, but, with the endless details of producing and changing, the entire period consumed is about the same time as for a novel.

At luncheon I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Beith, and found her to be possessed not only of great personal charm, but of an enviable loveliness as well. Altogether, my visit to this favoured household lingers in my memory with very pleasant associations.

WALTER TITTLE.



WALTER TITTLE'S PORTRAIT OF A WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST AND PLAYWRIGHT:
MAJOR IAN HAY BEITH ("IAN HAY").

were rounded up. I did not want to be confused with these profiteers, so I published a balance-sheet of my earnings and expenses. I lived well, usually taking a private compartment on trains and stopping at the best hotels, as it was necessary to keep fit for my strenuous programme by the most comfortable living that offered. After paying all of my expenses I had a balance left of sixteen thousand dollars—that I divided equally between the British and the American Red Cross organisations. I presented a motor ambulance to the British Red Cross as well, a thing that I could not afford to do now!"

The thoroughness of his American tours was amusingly attested by the production of his diary. Turning to the index, he found an entry referring to his visit to the town of my birth, and read names of the people who received him there. I had known them all my life.

"Surely no one is better equipped to write a book of 'American Impressions' than you are," I said. "So many do it after the most perfunctory of visits. Have you used this material in any such way?"

"No, I have not," was the reply, "though I have

ANIMAL REALISM: ETCHINGS FROM A NOTED ARTIST'S EXHIBITION.

FROM ETCHINGS BY WARWICK REYNOLDS, R.S.W.; BY COURTESY OF THE SPORTING GALLERY.



"TIGER AND PEACOCK," BY WARWICK REYNOLDS: A REMARKABLY FINE EXAMPLE FROM THE EXHIBITION OF ETCHINGS BY THAT WELL-KNOWN ARTIST AND ILLUSTRATOR RECENTLY OPENED AT THE SPORTING GALLERY—AN ASPECT OF "NATURE RED IN TOOTH AND CLAW," SHOWING THE DESTRUCTION OF ONE BEAUTIFUL CREATURE BY ANOTHER.



"PIKE AND YOUNG OTTER," BY WARWICK REYNOLDS: AN ETCHING FROM HIS NEW EXHIBITION—THE MOST VORACIOUS OF FRESH-WATER FISH, THAT PREYS ON ALMOST ANY ANIMAL IT CAN FIND.



"THE MACAW," BY WARWICK REYNOLDS: A STRONG ETCHING OF ONE OF THE GORGEOUS SOUTH AMERICAN PARROTS.



"LION FEEDING," BY WARWICK REYNOLDS: A POWERFUL STUDY OF THE "KING OF BEASTS," FROM THE ARTIST'S NEW EXHIBITION OF ETCHINGS AT THE SPORTING GALLERY.

The art of Mr. Warwick Reynolds has long been familiar to our readers, for he has frequently illustrated stories in our Christmas numbers. His work has often appeared also in the pages of the "Sketch." As a black-and-white artist and an illustrator of books and magazine stories, he has few rivals. A new exhibition of his etchings, as noted above, has just been opened at the Sporting Gallery, 32, King Street, Covent Garden, and

will remain open until June 26. The examples given above are sufficient to indicate that it is well worth a visit. Mr. Reynolds studied animal life at the "Zoo" for several years, and while some of his contemporaries, such as Mr. J. A. Shepherd, the creator of "Blinx and Bunda," emphasise the humorous side of wild life, he has preferred realism, and represents Nature in her grimmer moods.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE TAUNGS SKULL DESCRIBED BY ITS DISCOVERER: THE WEMBLEY EXHIBIT.

By Professor **RAYMOND A. DART**, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, the Discoverer of the Taungs Skull.

IN view of the great interest taken by scientist and layman alike in the discovery of the fossil anthropoid ape betraying humanoid characters, at the Northern Limeworks, near Taungs, in Bechuana-land, the British Empire Exhibition Committee for the Union of South Africa have requested me to prepare an exhibit of casts of the fossil remains for display in the South African Pavilion at Wembley during the current year.

Owing, in the first place, to financial assistance proffered by the committee, and in the second place to the loyal co-operation of the staff and students of the Anatomy Department in the University of the Witwatersrand, as well as the generous assistance of artistic experts outside of the University, this exhibit has been rendered possible. The specimen was placed in the hands of a professional plasterer, Mr. A. J. Woollacott, who cast several copies of the two (face and brain-cast) original fragments in a gelatine mould. Separate copies of these two fragments were then mounted on metal stands by Mr. A. L. Allen, a medical student in the University, assisted by his father, Mr. Allen, Headmaster of the Zurst Street High School, Johannesburg. A replica of the facial fragment was then ap-posed and glued to a replica of the brain-cast fragment, and the whole mounted separately, so as to visualise for those attending the Exhibition the entire evidence presented by the remains.

In order to make this visualisation increasingly near exactitude, the three mounted specimens were handed over to Miss S. Wilson, of Germiston, who, by means of oil colours, has skilfully reproduced the elusive hues presented by the limestone, bone, and crystal in the original fossil remains. A further example of the two casts glued together was entrusted to Mrs. Benson (*née* E. J. Macadam), whose reputation as a plastic artist has more than a local standing, seeing that she has exhibited in the Royal Academy, and is herself represented in the South African Pavilion, Wembley, by her attractive bust of a Kafir boy.

By means of the specimen above-mentioned, Mrs. Benson was enabled, after making due allowance for the thickness of the bones and the soft tissues, to produce a model which gives to the observer a conception of the procedure adopted in reconstructing the features of the extinct race of beings revealed to us in the Taungs fossil. Finally, by reconstructing both sides of the face, neck, and shoulders in this fashion, and adding thereafter a little hair, there stood completed in the clay what, as far as I am aware, is the first plastic reconstruction attempted in the British Empire of an extinct higher primate.

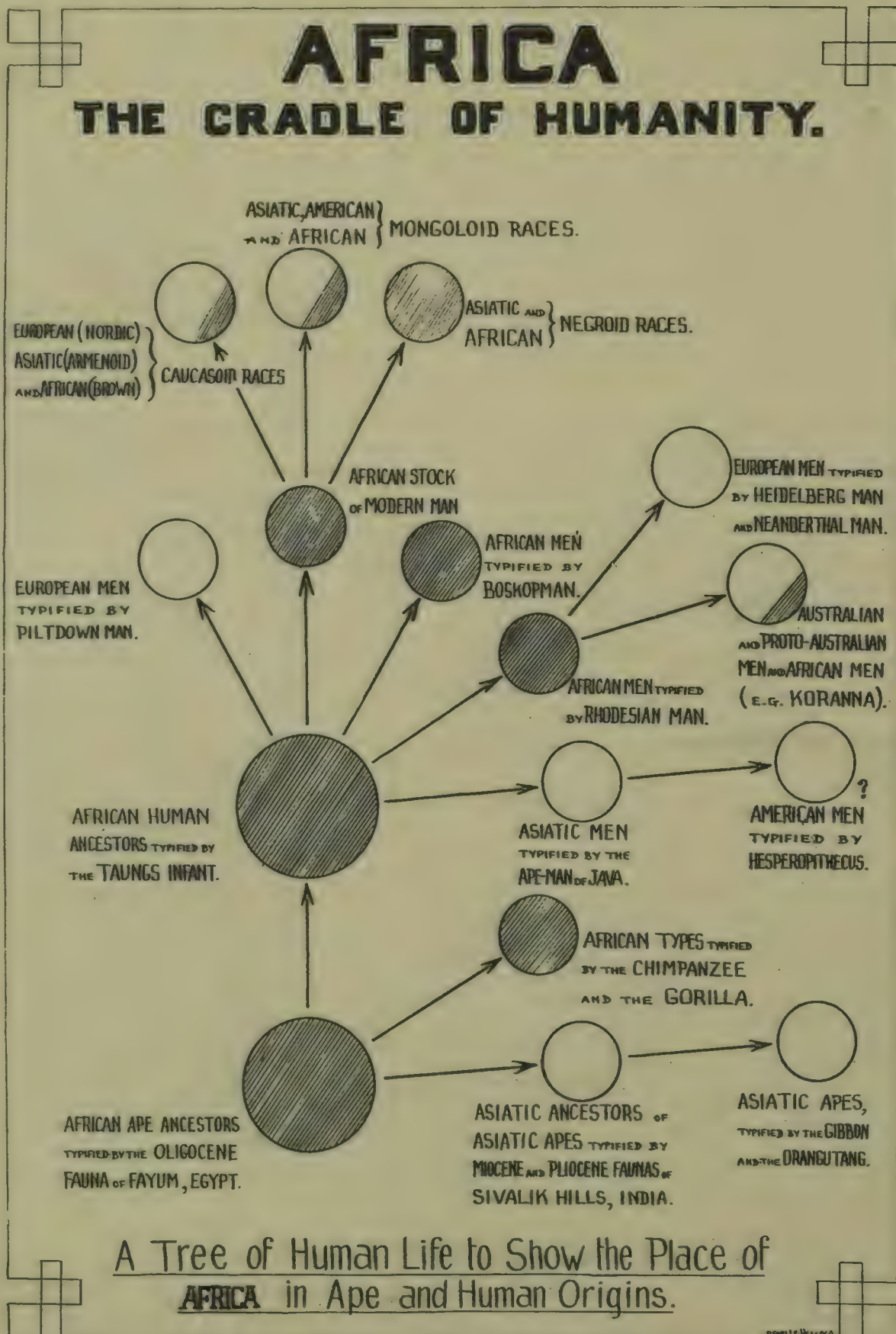
From the plaster casts secured from the moulds of these two figures by Mrs. Benson, it was possible for Mr. George Woollacott, father of Mr. A. J. Woollacott, to execute the copies of these figures which were sent to the South African Pavilion.

The exhibit at Wembley has been rounded off by photographs of the Northern Limeworks

Such are the details that belong to the preparation of a logical presentment to the British public of the significance of this discovery overseas. It is a source of gratification to all of us who feel with Scott of our country, and, indeed, of our Empire "This is my own, my native land," to realise that the more outstanding anthropological discoveries of recent years—Pitdown (Sussex), Boskop (Transvaal)

Broken Hill (Rhodesia), and Taungs (Bechuana-land)—have been made on British soil. To the South African, in view of the fact that three out of these four discoveries were made locally, the realisation is perhaps the more acute. It should afford, however, some bitterness to our imperial pride to reflect upon the fact that not one of these discoveries can be definitely claimed as the reward of systematic, aided search, but that all reflect the haphazard methods, if such they may be called, of luck and chance. Pitdown man came out of road gravel; Boskop man out of a farmer's canal; Rhodesian man out of a lead and zinc mine: the Taungs man—ape from a lime quarry.

Who shall describe the living and breathing anthropological heritage of the British Empire into whose maternal arms have been thrust the social babyhood of the race—for to her have been given the Tasmanians, the Australian aborigines, the Vedda of India, the Bush races of South Africa, and the Eskimos of Northern Canada; or who can reckon that not less vital heritage, which being dead yet speaketh, of the departed cultures of Egypt, Mesopotamia, India, and the Southern Seas; and of those records more remote and even more sublime of the structural and intellectual infancy of human kind in the Egyptian Fayûm, in the Indian Sivaliks, and in the zinc-mines, lime quarries, and open veldt of Southern Africa? Such possessions entail commensurate responsibilities to the enlightened understanding, for no sight is more pitiable than the "embarrassment of riches" which neither appreciates the significance of the wealth it commands, nor the means whereby it may be exploited.



"VINDICATING DARWIN'S CLAIM THAT 'AFRICA WOULD PROVE TO BE THE CRADLE OF MANKIND': A CHART, REPRESENTING THE PART PLAYED BY THAT CONTINENT IN HUMAN ORIGINS, PREPARED FOR THE SOUTH AFRICAN PAVILION AT WEMBLEY.—[By Courtesy of Professor Raymond A. Dart, the Discoverer of the Taungs Skull.]

near Taungs, where the discovery was made; by a map depicting the site of this and other important sites of anthropological discovery in South Africa; by comparative studies of the cranial outline of the brain and of the cast of features in apes and prehistoric men; and, finally, by a chart suggestive of the part played by Africa in human origins. For the preparation of these materials we have been indebted to Mr. L. Richardson and Mr. Paver of the *Star*, Johannesburg, and to Mr. Henri Le Helloco, Student Demonstrator in Anatomy in the University.

The parable of the talents has not lost its directness with the passage of time; the eternal laws of compensation are no less compelling to-day—neglect still produces chaos. It is only in the clear light of knowledge of the anthropological past that the anthropological present, the impact of humankind upon humankind, can be serenely regarded. What of the anthropological future—the destiny of the race? Can the *whither* of to-morrow be guessed when the *whence* of yesterday cannot be recalled, and the *how* of to-day is so dimly understood?

THE TAUNGS SKULL: PROFESSOR DART'S RECONSTRUCTION AT WEMBLEY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR RAYMOND A. DART, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WITWATERSRAND, THE DISCOVERER OF THE TAUNGS SKULL.



THE TAUNGS MAN-APPE IN PROCESS OF RECONSTRUCTION UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF PROFESSOR DART: A FRONT VIEW OF THE MODEL MADE FOR EXHIBITION AT WEMBLEY.



AS THE TAUNGS MAN-APPE IS BELIEVED TO HAVE APPEARED IN LIFE: A FRONT VIEW OF THE COMPLETED RECONSTRUCTION MADE UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF PROFESSOR DART.



SHOWING THE METHOD OF RECONSTRUCTION: A PROFILE VIEW OF THE MODEL OF THE TAUNGS SKULL (UNFINISHED) PREPARED BY PROFESSOR DART FOR WEMBLEY.



PREPARED BY PROFESSOR DART TO BE EXHIBITED IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN PAVILION AT WEMBLEY: THE COMPLETED RECONSTRUCTION OF THE TAUNGS SKULL IN PROFILE.

Professor Raymond A. Dart, of the Witwatersrand University at Johannesburg, the discoverer of the now famous Taungs skull, describes in his article on the opposite page how the reconstruction model of it, here illustrated, was prepared, under his own supervision, for the South African Pavilion in this year's Exhibition at Wembley. The skull itself was illustrated, soon after its discovery, in our issue of February 14 last, together with an article by Professor G. Elliot Smith, on its place in human evolution, and reconstruction drawings by Mr. A. Forestier. The skull was found, it may be recalled, in a limestone cliff near Taungs, in Bechuanaland, at a vertical depth of 50 ft. and a horizontal depth of 200 ft., and was sent to Professor Dart for examination. He decided that it represented

"an extinct race of apes intermediate between living anthropoids and man," and in discussing it wrote: "Unlike Pithecanthropus, it does not represent an ape-like man, but a creature well advanced beyond modern anthropoids in just those characters, facial and cerebral, which are to be anticipated in an extinct link between man and his simian ancestor. At the same time . . . it is no true man. It is, therefore, logically to be regarded as a man-like ape." Professor Dart named it *Australopithecus Africanus*, from *australis* (south) and *pithecus* (ape), while *Africanus* represents "the continent in which so many important new discoveries connected with man's early history have recently been made, thus vindicating Darwin's claim that Africa would prove to be the cradle of mankind."

ROYAL OCCASIONS: TROOPING THE COLOUR ON THE KING'S

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS,



IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING AND MARSHAL FOCH (IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND BEFORE THE HORSE GUARDS' ARCH) AND THE QUEEN (AT A SPLENDID MILITARY PAGEANT ON THE HORSE GUARDS

BIRTHDAY; THEIR MAJESTIES AT ETON AND STOKE-ON-TRENT.

C.N., I.B., AND PHOTOPRESS.



THE WINDOW ABOVE: THE MARCH PAST OF THE GUARDS AFTER THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR ON THE KING'S SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY—PARADE, SHOWING THE ADMIRALTY BUILDING ON THE LEFT.



LEAVING THE NEW PICTURE GALLERY AT ETON: THE KING (WITH A WHITE CARNATION IN HIS BUTTONHOLE) AND THE QUEEN CHEERED BY BOYS AND MASTERS.



THEIR MAJESTIES AT THE NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE ROYAL INFIRMARY: THE QUEEN RECEIVING A BOUQUET FROM THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF ALDERMAN LEESE (LEFT) THE FIRST LABOUR MAYOR OF STOKE-ON-TRENT.



THE KING AT STOKE-ON-TRENT, TO WHICH HE GRANTED "THE TITLE AND STATUS OF A CITY": HIS MAJESTY AT THE WAR MEMORIAL CENOTAPH—(ON LEFT) DIPPED COLOURS.



LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE INFIRMARY, TO WHICH HE GRANTED THE DESIGNATION "ROYAL": THE KING CARRYING ON A WORK BEGUN BY HIS FATHER.

The time-honoured ceremony of Trooping the Colour, as a reminder of the allegiance of the Guards to their Sovereign, took place on the Horse Guards Parade on June 3, the King's sixtieth birthday. The occasion was memorable this year for the presence of Marshal Foch, who is a Field-Marshal of Great Britain as well as a Marshal of France. The saluting-base was in front of the Horse Guards Arch, where his Majesty and the rest of the royal group took up their position, while the Queen, with Princess Mary and the Duchess of York, watched the proceedings from the window above. Facing the Admiralty building were the massed bands of the Brigade of Guards. The colour chosen for trooping was that of the 1st Battalion of the Irish Guards, of which regiment the King is Colonel-in-Chief, but the whole Brigade was represented in the troops on parade. The ceremony concluded with a march-past. On Sunday, June 7, their Majesties motored from Windsor Castle to Eton, where they were received by the Provost, Dr. M. R. James. After attending Divine service in Lower Chapel they inspected the War Memorial decorations in it, and visited the new Picture Gallery and Drawing School, where they were received by the Vice-Provost, Mr. Hugh Macnaghten, and the Headmaster, Dr. C. A. Alington. The whole school was drawn up in two lines leading to the entrance

of the gallery, with members of Sixth Form in a place of honour.—The King and Queen on June 5 visited Stoke-on-Trent, the centre of the Potteries, and his Majesty greatly gratified the inhabitants by his announcement, in reply to a civic address, that the County Borough should henceforth enjoy "the title and status of a City." The ceremony took place in the King's Hall, where the Queen was presented with a bouquet by Miss Elanor Edna Leese, the eight-year-old daughter of the first Labour Mayor of Stoke-on-Trent, Alderman H. Leese. Later, the King laid the foundation-stone of extensions (to cost £150,000) to the North Staffordshire Infirmary, to which he granted the designation "Royal." The institution dates from 1802, and King Edward (as Prince of Wales) laid the foundation-stone of the present building in 1866. Stoke-on-Trent is a federation of the famous "Five Towns" of Arnold Bennett's novels. There are actually six in the civic group, namely, Stoke, Hanley, Burslem, Longton, Tunstall, and Fenton. Speaking of the importance of pottery, the King said: "Those who make it and decorate it can exercise a strong influence on the artistic education of the nation. In their hands lies the power to kindle a desire for beauty of form and colour and to satisfy it in the common objects of everyday life."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

"LISTENING-IN" TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

LAST year, "wireless" enthusiasts "listened-in," doubtless with varying degrees of success, to the song of the nightingale. The experiment seems to have been sufficiently satisfactory to warrant its repetition this year. I cannot help wondering in how far the strange melody of this bird can be reproduced after this fashion, since, apart from the limitations of the means of transmission, there is another disturbing factor to be reckoned with—and that is the environment.

Those who have enjoyed these strains again and again, at a distance of no more than a yard or two from the songster, will doubtless be able to conjure up some fitting scene—some wild hedgerow or spinney—and will live again in imagination "the life that was before this life." But what of those who have not only never heard this song before, but have never even seen a nightingale? I wonder

wonderfully voluble, varied, but rather hard performance. Two days later, at Cambridge, hearing a nightingale singing in the afternoon, when its voice formed merely a part of the spring-time chorus, I was impressed alike with the part the bird's nocturnal habits have played in establishing its reputation as a songster, and with the characteristic insight displayed in Shakespeare's lines—

The Nightingale, if she could sing by day
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

Here, indeed, as it has always seemed to me, is the secret of the charm of this undoubtedly beautiful song; it is immensely enhanced by the fact that it is poured out in the silence of the night. The invisible chorister has then no rival, though the stillness may perchance be broken now and then by the seemingly ironical applause of the tawny owl, or the apparent screech of execration of the jealous barn-owl!

We have all heard of the little boy who cut open his drum to find where the sound came from! We smile at his folly; but he had the spirit of the true investigator. I propose now to follow his lead and show, as far as is possible—and that is not very far—where the sound comes from in the case of the nightingale and the black-cap. The living bird, in this regard, tells us nothing. Dissection, alas! tells us but little more than was learned from the dissected drum-head! Yet that

little is distinctly worth while. To begin with, the organ of voice, in the bird, is not, as in ourselves, formed by the specially modified upper end of the windpipe or larynx, but by a modification of the lower end, at the point where it branches off to pass to the lungs. Here is formed what is known as the "syrinx."

In the true "song-birds," as distinct from all other birds, the last few bony rings which make up the windpipe are fused together to form a continuous tube, while the upper ends of the "bronchi" are kept taut by means of bony rods, as shown in the adjoining illustration, the inner wall of the "bronchus,"

in this region, being formed only by a very delicate membrane. To these rods, and to the lower end of the windpipe itself, as many as seven pairs of muscles are attached—with fearsome names, which need not be given here. By their contraction and elongation, the length and form of the instrument is changed.

When the outer wall of the "syrinx" is cut away, a median partition is exposed, marking the point of divarication of the windpipe to form the "bronchi" leading to the right and left lungs. This partition is formed, for the most part, of a vibratile membrane attached at its base to a bony bar. On the opposite side of the bronchial wall is a

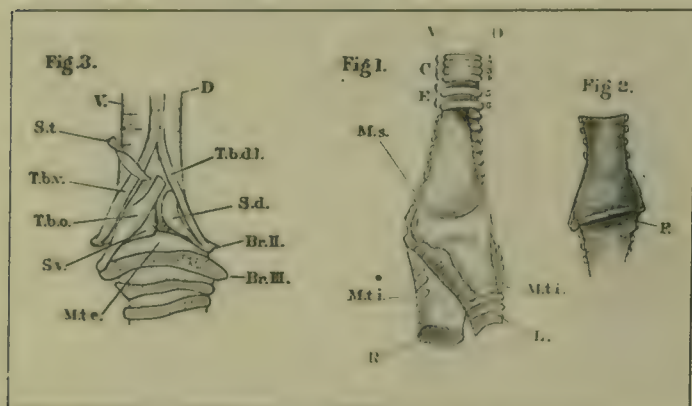
muscular fold, capable of appreciable changes in bulk.

Many years ago I made a dissection of such a windpipe for my old friend the late W. Warde-Fowler, Sub-Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, who,

with Mr. F. Cunningham Woods, the organist of Exeter College, proceeded to interpret it in terms of man-made musical instruments. The median, vibrating membrane they termed the "reed." The muscular fold on the outer wall they called the "lip," and decided that its function was to vibrate in sympathy with the "reed," like the sympathetic strings of the old *viola d'amore*, to help in increasing the tension of the sound-chamber or to direct the wind upon the "reed" by narrowing the two passages of the "bronchi." But, whereas they held that the wind was forced from the lungs up the windpipe, it seemed more probable that it is forced downwards from the mouth. Nevertheless, they may well be right, for the necessary wind for the upward pressure may possibly be furnished by the enormous air-sacs fed by

the lungs, which are peculiar to birds. Who shall decide this point?

The subtlety of this construction is shown by the fact that one can discern no difference, save in the matter of size, between the "syrinx" of the nightingale and the crow! Just as there would be



A SONGSTER'S VOCAL MECHANISM: THE "SYRINX" OF A SONGBIRD.

"The left diagram shows the side-view of the outside, with the muscles which vary the tension of the membranes forming the outer walls of the 'sound-box.' The middle figure shows the interior of the syrinx, with median partition or 'reed' (M.S.). The half-rings, or supporting rods of the bronchi (Br.I, Br.II), and the membrane of the inner wall of each bronchus (M.I.I.), are plainly shown. The right-hand figure shows the inner face of the outer wall, with fleshy 'lip' (F.) referred to in the text, which helps to drive the wind against the 'reed,' to produce the varying notes of the song. V.—ventral and D.—dorsal aspect of the tube. C. 1-4 shows rings of windpipe brought together by shortening of the tube, and E. 5-6 their separation when the tube is lengthened, thereby modulating the volume of sound."

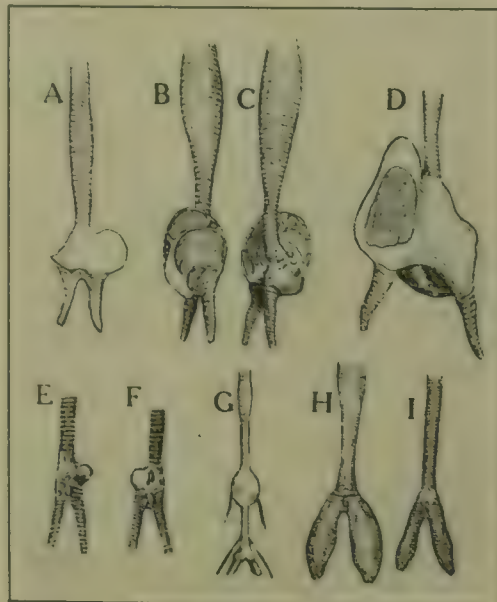
After Pycraft, from Warde Fowler's "Summer Studies of Birds and Books."

whether they will find it as thrilling as they have been led to expect.

Though, by common consent, the palm, as a songster, is awarded to the nightingale, there are yet some who prefer the black-cap, its near relation. My old friend Mr. Eliot Howard, the great historian of the warbler tribe, regards it as "the most beautiful of our native songsters." "His rich and liquid notes," he continues, in his wonderful monograph on the "British Warblers," "will bear comparison with those produced by any other known species: it is, in fact, difficult to conceive of more beautiful notes being uttered." Another old friend of mine, Mr. Frank M. Chapman, an American ornithologist of world-wide repute, seems to concur in this view; for, in writing of his impressions of a visit to England, he describes the song of the black-cap as a performance of unusual merit, "its wild, sweet, lyrical notes suggesting the song of our orchard oriole." The nightingale's song, he says, "was, of course, unlike my preconceived idea of it. I had expected a rushing outpouring of music, but I found a more deliberate song of disconnected phrases of from three to five seconds' length each, followed by pauses of almost equal duration."

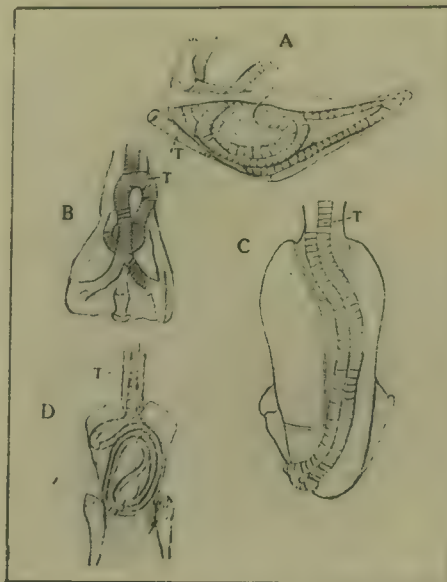
The Nightingale, in transport, seemed to fling
His warble out, and then sit listening.

"Occasionally a more prolonged strain was given, but, as a whole, the song lacked the force, crescendo and diminuendo effects of a continuous effort. It is a surprisingly loud song, in tone a decided whistle; a



FORMING BONY CHAMBERS: THE SYRINX IN SOME OF THE DUCKS.

A. Mallard; B and C. Pochard; D. Goosander; E and F. Steller's Elder; G. Velvet Scoter; H. Male, and I. Female common Scoters."—[From Pycraft's "History of Birds."]



MODIFICATIONS THAT DO NOT INCREASE MELODY IN CERTAIN BIRDS: ELONGATED WINDPIPES COILED OR STOWED AWAY.

"A is the windpipe of a Crane coiled up within a special chamber formed within the keel of the breast-bone; B of a Spoonbill, coiled up under the lungs; and C and D of two species of Manucode allies of the Birds of Paradise, wherein the superfluous length is stowed away beneath the skin."

From Pycraft's "History of Birds."



CONSIDERED BY SOME TO BE BETTER SONGSTERS THAN THE NIGHTINGALE: BLACK-CAPS—TWO MALES SQUABBLING.

"The female Black-cap is easily distinguished by having a chestnut-red, instead of a black, cap. The general coloration of both sexes is of a delicate slate-grey. The Nightingale is of a sober brown, paler below."

From "British Warblers," by Eliot Howard.

found no difference between my larynx and that of a Caruso: but there would be found a great difference in the matter of performance!

No other birds than the song-birds have so complicated a "syrinx." But in many species it is strangely modified, yet without producing any very striking musical qualities. In some, the windpipe itself becomes enormously elongated, so that its superfluous length has to be stowed away, either in coils beneath the skin or under the lungs, or in a special chamber fashioned out of the keel of the sternum. These devices give notes about as musical as a motor-horn!

In many species of ducks, the "syrinx" is profoundly modified to form bony chambers, but in the males only; yet it is the female which has the raucous voice! It may be, of course, that these apparently silent males may be able to produce sounds beloved of their mates, but inaudible to our ears. Time and experiment may show. We do not know everything yet!

WATCHING POLO IN "PURDAH": A MAHARANEE'S CURTAINED CAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



WITH WINDOWS CLOSELY CURTAINED AND A WOMAN CHAUFFEUR: THE CAR CONTAINING THE MAHARANEE OF JODHPUR, WHO MAINTAINS STRICT "PURDAH," AND THUS WATCHED, UNSEEN HERSELF, THE POLO MATCH BETWEEN JODHPUR AND TEMPLETON AT ROEHAMPTON.



WINNERS OF THE OPEN CHALLENGE CUP: THE JODHPUR TEAM—(L. TO R.) THAKUR PRITHI SINGH (NO. 1), THAKUR RAM SINGH (BACK), CAPT. A. H. WILLIAMS (NO. 2), AND RAO RAJA HANUT SINGH (NO. 3)



THE TEMPLETON TEAM BEATEN BY JODHPUR: (L. TO R.) MAJOR G. H. PHIPPS-HORNBY (NO. 2), MAJOR F. W. BARRETT (NO. 3), CAPT. THE HON. F. E. GUEST (BACK), AND CAPT. M. KINGSCOTE (NO. 1).

The Jodhpur polo team won the Open Challenge Cup at Roehampton, on June 6, defeating the Templeton team in the final by 13 goals to 7. Rao Raja Hanut Singh, who plays No. 3 in the Jodhpur team, is a son of the late Sir Pertab Singh, who was well known as Regent of Jodhpur. The present Maharajah of Jodhpur and his consort, the Maharanee, arrived in England in April, and took up their quarters at Belmont House, Putney Heath. The Maharanee observes strict "purdah," or seclusion from the

sight of men, and this was rigidly maintained throughout the journey from India. One of the five sumptuous motor-cars which the Maharajah bought for use in this country is specially equipped to enable the Maharanee to drive out for exercise without being seen by anyone but her attendant women. Its side windows are painted blue. Through a coverable slit in the curtains of this car she watches the polo matches in which the Jodhpur team play. Despite the curtains, she remains veiled.

OPENED BY THE KING: BRISTOL UNIVERSITY'S BEAUTIFUL NEW BUILDINGS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE BRISTOL PHOTO-ENGRAVING CO., LTD., AND BARTON AND SON.



WITH ITS FINE MEMORIAL TOWER AND BELFRY DOMINATING THE CITY: THE NEW BUILDING OF BRISTOL UNIVERSITY WITH THE MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY.



RICHLY CARVED AND PANELLED: THE GREAT HALL OF BRISTOL UNIVERSITY, WITH ITS WONDERFUL HAMMER-BEAM ROOF CONTAINING SIXTY TONS OF ENGLISH OAK.



UNLOCKED BY THE KING: THE BEAUTIFUL OAK-PANELLED COUNCIL CHAMBER, WITH STONE SHIELDS BEHIND THE Dais.



IN PERPENDICULAR GOTHIC STYLE: THE FINE ENTRANCE DOOR TO THE UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS, WITH STATUES IN NICHEs ABOVE.



WITH MAGNIFICENT FAN VAULTING AND AN INSPIRING FOUNDER'S WINDOW: THE INTERIOR OF THE ENTRANCE HALL.



REMARKABLE FOR THE BEAUTY OF ITS VAULTED ROOF: THE VESTIBULE OF BRISTOL UNIVERSITY'S NEW BUILDINGS, SHOWING ENTRANCES LEADING INTO THE GREAT HALL.



WITH "A DAINTY CEILING OF MOULDED PLASTER ARABESQUES AND PENDANTS": THE STUDIOUS CHARM OF THE GENERAL LIBRARY IN THE NEW UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS AT BRISTOL.

The King, with the Queen, visited Bristol on June 9 to open the new University buildings, given by Sir George Wills, Bt., and his brother, the late Mr. H. H. Wills, in memory of their father, Mr. H. O. Wills, founder and first Chancellor of the University. The buildings were designed by Sir George Oatley, in Perpendicular Gothic style. "The tower, 215 ft. high," says the "Bristol Times and Mirror," "is a dominating landmark of the neighbourhood. . . . The entrance hall, vaulted in fan-vaulting, rises to a height of 72 ft. In addition to the great hall and the council chamber, this wing also contains the large library

of the Faculty of Arts. . . . The effect of the lofty entrance hall, with its double sweep of stairs, strongly articulated fan-vaulting, and richly coloured Founder's window, is solemnly exhilarating. Academic pride is nobly embodied in the hammer-beam oak roof, of the Great Hall. . . . A more studious charm inhabits the General Library, where the sedateness of row after row of books is relieved by a dainty ceiling of moulded plaster arabesques and pendants. Indeed, throughout the new building the balance of severity and ornament is carefully observed both in masonry and in woodwork."

"A TRADITIONAL VIRTUE IN BRISTOL": THE KING AND THE UNIVERSITY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



BEFORE THE OPENING CEREMONY: THE KING AND QUEEN DRIVING THROUGH BRISTOL, WHERE HIS MAJESTY INAUGURATED THE UNIVERSITY'S NEW BUILDINGS.

In opening the new buildings on the central University site at Bristol, the King not only honoured the famous city, but recognised the additional incentive to learning in the West made possible by the generosity of members of the Wills family. In reply to the loyal address presented in the Council Chamber of the Council House, the King referred to the advance of education as a traditional virtue in Bristol, and recalled that the great Merchant Venturers of the sixteenth century and later, who brought fame to Bristol by reason of their explorations and their trading, were also notable as founders of schools. In opening the University,

his Majesty spoke of the aims which unite the youngest and the oldest of our Universities in an undivided fellowship of national service. "To hold in trust for the common use the treasures of past thought," he said, "to provide for the creative minds of the present a congenial and stimulating home, to give to all the opportunity of a liberal education in the arts and sciences, to animate men and women with worthy ideals of clear thinking and social usefulness, to spread the pure light of disinterested studies over an ever-widening circle, these are some of the essential and ennobling duties of the Universities."

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITLOCK, HOPPE, LAFAYETTE, RUSSELL, VANDYK, PHOTOPRESS, "DAILY MAIL," MANUEL, AND C.N.



A NEW KT.: SIR BARRY JACKSON, MANAGER, BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY THEATRE.



A NEW KNIGHT: SIR BERNARD PARTRIDGE, THE WELL-KNOWN "PUNCH" ARTIST.



A NEW KNIGHT: SIR HERBERT HARTY, COMPOSER AND CONDUCTOR.



MADE A G.B.E.: SIR FREDERICK G. KENYON, DIRECTOR OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



DISTINGUISHED IN INDIA AND IRELAND: THE LATE LORD MACDONNELL.



NEW VISCOUNT: LORD BEARSTED, DONOR OF A CLINICAL THEATRE TO THE LONDON HOSPITAL.



APPOINTED AMBASSADOR TO JAPAN: THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN A. C. TILLEY.



REPORTED SAVED BY THE POLICE FROM A BOMB PLOT TO WRECK THEIR TRAIN: THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN WITH THEIR DAUGHTERS AT A FLAG-BLESSING CEREMONY IN BARCELONA.



A PROVIDER OF BLOOD FOR TRANSFUSION IN THE BIRTHDAY HONOURS: MR. B. W. TIBBLE.



BENEFICENT RULER, SOLDIER, AND SPORTSMAN: THE LATE MAHARAJAH SCINDIA OF GWALIOR.



COMMANDING FRENCH TROOPS IN MOROCCO: GENERAL FREYDENBERG (FORMERLY A PRIEST), WITH KAID ALI BEN KADOUR (LEFT).



"THE POET OF THE HEAVENS": THE LATE M. CAMILLE FLAMMARION, THE FAMOUS FRENCH ASTRONOMER.



THE BOYHOOD OF A SOVEREIGN WHO HAS JUST KEPT THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS ACCESSION: KING VICTOR AS A CHILD.

In the Birthday Honours List there were no new peerages, but Lord Bearsted (formerly known as Sir Marcus Samuel) was advanced from Baron to Viscount. He recently presented a clinical theatre to the London Hospital. Of the new Knights, Sir Barry Jackson is Manager of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre.—Sir Bernard Partridge is the well-known cartoonist of "Punch."—Sir Herbert Hamilton Harty is the conductor of the Hallé Orchestra.—Lord MacDonnell of Swinford, who was eighty-one, had a distinguished career in Burma and India, where he held many high administrative offices. Later (1902-3) he was Under-Secretary of State in Ireland.—Sir Frederick Kenyon, who received a G.B.E. (Civil Division), is the Director and Principal Librarian of the British Museum. A particularly interesting honour was the award of the medal of the Civil Division of the Order of the British Empire to Mr. B. W. Tibble, "for public services in saving life." Lord Knutsford recently described him as a "universal provider"

always prepared to give a pint of his blood to save a patient's life at the London Hospital, and stated that he had done so forty-four times, refusing all payment. Mr. Tibble, who belongs to the St. John Ambulance Association, has been elected a life governor of the hospital.—Sir John Tilley, before his appointment to the Tokyo Embassy, was British Minister at Rio de Janeiro.—It was reported that the Spanish police discovered in time a plot to blow up the train by which the King and Queen of Spain returned recently from Barcelona to Madrid, and that thirty arrests had been made.—The Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior ruled his State with great efficiency for over thirty years, and was a munificent supporter of the British cause. He was also a fine sportsman.—M. Camille Flammarion, who was eighty-three, founded the Astronomical Society of France in 1887. He was interested in ballooning, poetry, and psychical research.—King Victor kept on June 7 the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne of Italy.

TRAPPING BABOONS FOR THE "ZOO" MONKEY HILL: FATAL CURIOSITY.

DRAWN BY G. H. DAVIS FROM SKETCHES, PHOTOGRAPHS, AND DESCRIPTION SUPPLIED BY MR. FRANK HAYTER, WHO CAPTURED THE ANIMALS IN ABYSSINIA.

(1) THE LEADER OF THE MONKEY COLONY CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHES THE HUT.



(2) THE LEADER ON HIS SECOND TRIP TAKES SOME OF THE MAIZE SCATTERED ON THE GROUND.



(3) THE LEADER HAVING REPORTED THAT ALL IS CLEAR, THERE IS A TREMENDOUS RUSH BY THE WHOLE COLONY TO GET INSIDE THE HUT. AT A FAVOURABLE MOMENT THE TRAP DOOR IS CLOSED.



A TRAVELLING BOX IS PLACED AGAINST THE DOOR—AS MANY MALES AS POSSIBLE ARE DRIVEN INTO IT.



(5) THE BOXES CONTAINING THE BABOONS ARE THEN TAKEN ON CAMELS TO THE NEAREST RAILHEAD.



HOW BABOONS FOR THE "ZOO" MONKEY HILL WERE CAUGHT IN ABYSSINIA: A "FOLLOW-MY-LEADER" RUSH INTO A HUT WITH A TRAP-DOOR, SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH (NO. 6), IN A SANDY PATCH NEAR THE TREE IN THE CENTRE.

The Hamadryad baboons now on the new Monkey Hill at the "Zoo" were caught in Abyssinia by Mr. Frank Hayter, who was commissioned by Mr. G. Bruce Chapman, of the London Zoological Society. He and his men built quietly by night a native hut, with trap-door controlled by a cord from a hiding-place. Maize was strewn on the floor and in a trail leading to the entrance. One morning a wandering colony of Hamadryads spotted the new hut, and, being full of curiosity, like all monkeys, decided to examine it. The leader (for each baboon colony has its chief) first cautiously reconnoitred. On his return loud chattering and barking

indicated a conference, and presently the whole colony dashed to the hut. When about sixty animals were inside, the trap-door was closed by pulling the cord. Next came the task of boxing the captives, which was difficult, as only males were required, and females and young ones had to be kept out. A box was fixed at the door, the trap was lifted, and from the other side of the hut natives with spears gently prodded the baboons toward it. Six were taken in each box and were conveyed on camels (each carrying two boxes) to the railhead, and so to the expedition's headquarters at Dire-Daoua.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



Chart of Recommendations (ABRIDGED EDITION)

MOTOR CARS

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of motor cars are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"
A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
TT means Gargoyle Mobiloil "TT"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when cold temperatures may be expected.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Board of Automotive Engineers of the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., and represents their professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAME OF CAR	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
A.C., 4-Cyl. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
A.C., 6-Cyl. ...	A	A	A	A	BB	BB	A	A
Alvis ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	BB	A	A
Armstrong-Siddeley ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	BB	A	A
Arrol-Johnston ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	BB	A	A
Austin, 20 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	BB	A	A
Austin (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Bean, 11.9 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	BB	A
Bean, 12 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Bean, 14 h.p. ...	A	A	BB	A	A	A	A	A
Bentley ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	BB	A	A
Buick ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Calcott, 12/24 h.p. ...	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Calcott (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chevrolet ...	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Citroen, 7.5 h.p. ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Citroen (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Crossley, 14 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Crossley (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Cubitt ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Daimler, 12 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Daimler, 16 h.p. ...	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A
Daimler (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Durant Four ...	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Durant Rugby ...	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Essex ...	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Fiat ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Ford ...	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Galloway ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
G.W.K. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
H.E. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Hotchkiss ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hudson Super Six ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Humber, 8 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Humber (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Jowett (All Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lagonda ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	BB	A
Lancia (Dikappa and Trikappa) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia (Lambda) ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Lancia (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	BB	A
Maxwell ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Morris-Cowley ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Morris-Oxford, 11.9 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Morris-Oxford (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Napier ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland 13.9 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland (All Other Models) ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peugeot, 11 & 12/20 h.p. ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peugeot, Sleeve Valve ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peugeot (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Renault, 8.3 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Renault (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rolls-Royce ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rover, 8 h.p. ...	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Rover, 9/20 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rover (All Other Models) ...	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB
Salmon ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Singer ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Standard, 11 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Standard, 14 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Star, 15.9 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star, 20/50 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Studebaker ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Sunbeam ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Swift ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Talbot, 14 & 16 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Talbot (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Talbot-Darracq, 16 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Talbot-Darracq (8 Cyl.) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Talbot-Darracq (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Unic ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Vauxhall, 23/60 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vauxhall, 25 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vauxhall (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Vulcan, 10 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vulcan, 12 h.p. ...	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB
Vulcan (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Wolsley ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A

GEAR BOX and BACK AXLE

Correct Lubrication recommendations are shown on the complete Chart exhibited in all garages.

Three Major Savings

*Which you effect when you put
Mobiloil in your Home Garage*

It is to your best interests to keep a supply of the correct grade of Mobiloil always on hand. Such a home supply ensures:

1. **PROTECTION.**—By providing the correct grade of Mobiloil as specified in the Chart of Recommendations you will obtain maximum engine performance, greater freedom from carbon, fewer repairs, longer engine life.
2. **UNIFORMITY.**—The uniform quality of all grades of Mobiloil ensures maintenance of engine efficiency over extended periods. Uniform quality is as important as the correct grade.
3. **POWER AND ECONOMY.**—Maximum power and better engine performance will be secured by maintaining the oil in good condition. Drain and refill the engine base every 1000 miles per gallon capacity. Do not flush with paraffin, as in many cases this cannot be totally eliminated; thus part remains to diminish the lubricating value of the new oil.

Your dealer is ready to supply you with the grade of Mobiloil you should be using—in a 10 or 5 gallon drum or a 4 gallon can. See him to-day and secure your season's supply of Mobiloil.

If your car is not shown in the partial Chart on the right, refer to your dealer or send for our "Correct Lubrication" booklet.



Mobiloil

Make the Chart your Guide

REMEMBER:

Ask for Gargoyle Mobiloil by the full title. It is not sufficient to say "Give me a gallon of 'A' or 'BB'." Demand Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" or Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB," or whichever grade is specified for your car in the Chart of Recommendations.

HEAD OFFICE: Caxton House, Westminster, S.W. 1
WORKS: Birkenhead and Wandsworth

BRANCH OFFICES: Belfast Birmingham Bristol Cardiff Dundee Hull Manchester Newcastle-on-Tyne
Glasgow Liverpool Sheffield

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, LTD.

BUNKERING IN TWELVE HOURS INSTEAD OF SEVERAL DAYS: LIQUID FUEL FOR AN ATLANTIC "GREYHOUND."



OILING: A TANKER PUMPING OIL INTO A LINER'S TANKS, AT SOUTHAMPTON—ALMOST FUELLING HER FOR A ROUND TRIP.

From the Picture by FRANK H. MASON, R.N.A. (See note elsewhere in this issue.)

A Self-Portrait by Michelangelo Concealed in his "Last Judgment"? A Cryptograph.



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE "CRYPTOGRAPH" HEAD: A PORTRAIT OF MICHELANGELO IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY AT FLORENCE, ONCE ATTRIBUTED TO HIMSELF BUT NOW THOUGHT TO BE BY JACOPO DEL CONTE.



SHOWING THE SUPPOSED FACE OF MICHELANGELO: PART OF THE ADJOINING SECTION OF HIS "LAST JUDGMENT"—THE FLAYED SKIN (INVERTED) HELD BY THE FIGURE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

In studying Michelangelo's great picture of "The Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel at the Vatican, Professor Francesco La Cava, of the University of Rome, suddenly discovered what appeared to be a self-portrait of the painter. This supposed "cryptograph" is on the flayed human skin held in the left hand of the figure of St. Bartholomew, whose right hand holds a knife—these objects being emblems of his martyrdom. Michelangelo was averse from open self-portraiture, but keenly sensitive to criticism. One theory is that the "cryptograph" was intended satirically to express resentment at having been "flayed" by a scurrilous writer, Pietro Aretino, and that the latter is represented by the face of St. Bartholomew. Others suggest that the cryptograph may refer to Michelangelo's quarrels with the Pope. We give for comparison the head of the portrait of Michelangelo in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence.



HOLDING A FLAYED SKIN (EMBLEM OF HIS MARTYRDOM) BEARING A SUPPOSED "CRYPTOGRAPH": SELF-PORTRAIT BY MICHELANGELO INSERTED AS A SATIRE ON HIS CRITICS: ST. BARTHOLOMEW IN THAT MASTER'S PICTURE, "THE LAST JUDGMENT."

traiture, but keenly sensitive to criticism. One theory is that the "cryptograph" was intended satirically to express resentment at having been "flayed" by a scurrilous writer, Pietro Aretino, and that the latter is represented by the face of St. Bartholomew. Others suggest that the cryptograph may refer to Michelangelo's quarrels with the Pope. We give for comparison the head of the portrait of Michelangelo in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence.

An Interesting Event at the "Zoo": The Proud Mother Sea-Lion and her Baby.



MATERNAL SOLICITUDE: THE MOTHER SEA-LION WITH HER NEW BABY BORN A FEW DAYS AGO IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

A baby sea-lion was born at the "Zoo" on June 4, and its mother was immensely proud of it, as may be seen from these delightful photographs, taken on the same day by Mr. D. Seth-Smith, the Curator of Mammals and Birds. In our issue of June 17, 1922, we gave a photograph by him of the first sea-lion born in the



MATERNAL PRIDE: A DELIGHTFUL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOTHER SEA-LION AT THE "ZOO" ADMIRING HER OFFSPRING.

Gardens that ever survived there. It showed the mother in the water barking at the little one to persuade him to come in and learn to swim. Eventually she pulled him in, ducked him, and found that he could swim perfectly, though only twenty-four hours old.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY D. SETH-SMITH, F.Z.S.]

AT HOME AND ABROAD: NOTABLE EVENTS OF THE WEEK RECORDED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS.

TOPICAL AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



JUST BEFORE THE START OF THE GORDON-BENNETT BALLOON RACE, IN WHICH A BRITISH BALLOON WAS WRECKED BY A TRAIN: AN AIR VIEW OF THE COMPETITORS AT THE BRUSSELS AERODROME.



WRECKED BY A TRAIN NEAR ETAPLES, TO THE OCCUPANTS: THE "ELSIE" GORDON-BENNETT



FORTUNATELY WITHOUT SERIOUS INJURY GREAT BRITAIN STARTING IN THE BALLOON RACE.



"WRAP HER IN HER ROBES OF ERMINE, COVER HER WITH SNOW, LIKE ERMINE": THE DEATH OF MINNEHAHA (COVERED BY A GREAT ERMINE SHROUD 68 FT. LONG) IN "HIAWATHA," AT THE ALBERT HALL.



FIGHTING WATERLOO OVER AGAIN FOR THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO: A BRITISH SQUAD, IN 1915 UNIFORMS, RESISTING THE FLOWER OF NAPOLEON'S ARMY.



WITH HIS TWO SHEEP-DOGS, "SPOT" AND "FLUK," WHO GAVE A WONDERFUL DISPLAY OF INTELLIGENCE IN MANAGING FLOCKS IN THE STADIUM AT WEMBLEY: MR. JAMES SCOTT, OF HAWICK.



A CARIBOU AS A WAR MEMORIAL: THE STRIKING MONUMENT TO NEWFOUNDLAND DEAD UNVEILED BY EARL HAIG AT BEAUMONT HAMEL.



UNDER THE BROKEN NOSE OF "R33": SIR SAMUEL HOARE (SHAKING HANDS WITH A RECIPIENT) PRESENTING WATCHES TO MEMBERS OF THE CREW WHO TOOK PART IN THE GREAT ADVENTURE.



OPENED BY LORD BIRKENHEAD: DICKENS HOUSE IN DOUGHTY STREET, WHERE "PICKWICK" WAS FINISHED—MR. C. H. GREEN, HON. SEC. OF THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP IN THE KITCHEN ARRANGED LIKE THAT AT DINGLEY DELL.



REHEARSING FOR THE WIMBLEDON PARK HISTORICAL PAGEANT: SIR GILBERT LE NORMAN GIVING THE DEEDS OF MERTON ABBEY TO QUEEN MATILDA IN 1114.

One of the British balloons in the race for the Gordon-Bennett Cup—the "Elsie," piloted by Captain J. F. Johnson, assisted by Captain Dougal, had its guide-rope caught by the engine of a goods train near Etaples on June 8. It was pulled down and wrecked by the train, but fortunately Captain Johnson was unhurt, and Captain Dougal only slightly injured. Another British competitor, Captain C. W. Spencer, in the "Miramar," landed near Beaumont-Hague, Manche. Two of the eighteen balloons—one Spanish and the other American—came down in the sea.—Coleridge Taylor's "Hiawatha" was produced in an operatic form at the Albert Hall, on June 8, to continue till the 20th. It made a delightful and picturesque spectacle. In our photograph, the left-hand figure of two in the centre foreground is the Mohawk Chief Os-Ke-Non-Ton as a medicine man.—The Searchlight Tattoo at Aldershot, to begin on June 16, contains realistic scenes of the Battle of Waterloo, also one called "1812" for which a model of the Kremlin at Moscow has been constructed on Puckridge Hill.—

Mr. James Scott, of Hawick, who has recently been giving a wonderful display of sheep-dogs managing flocks in the Stadium at Wembley, is President of the International Working Sheep-Dog Association. His dogs are Border Collies.—Earl Haig unveiled at Beaumont Hamel, on June 7, the fine Newfoundland War Memorial, consisting of a bronze caribou, designed by Mr. Basil Gatto. It stands in the Newfoundland Memorial Park, where the trenches remain much as they were in the war.—In the airship hangar at Pulham, on June 4, Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary for Air, presented gold watches to members of the crew of "R33" in token of their gallant conduct when she was adrift in a gale last April.—Lord Birkenhead, on June 9, opened Dickens House, No. 48, Doughty Street, where Charles Dickens went to live after his marriage, finished "Pickwick" and wrote "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby."—It was arranged to present a historical pageant of Wimbledon, in the grounds of Wimbledon Park House, on June 11, 12, and 13.

THE PRINCE IN SOUTH AFRICA: GRAHAMSTOWN; KING WILLIAM'S TOWN.

OFFICIAL N.P.A. PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N. THAT OF CLEWER HOUSE BY MR. G. THURLOW MILLER.



WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES SPENT A WEEK-END: CLEWER HOUSE, ON THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S FARM IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE.



INVESTED WITH A CARDBOARD DECORATION: THE PRINCE AND THE GIRL STUDENTS ENJOY A MOCK CEREMONY AT THE RHODES UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, GRAHAMSTOWN.



GIVING THE PRINCE THE IMI-BULISO (GREETING): THE MBONGO CHANTING HIS PRAISES AT THE KING WILLIAM'S TOWN INDABA.



A CHARMING INCIDENT AT GRAHAMSTOWN: THE YOUNGEST CHILD IN WOODVILLE ORPHANAGE GIVING THE PRINCE A RED ROSE, WHICH HE IMMEDIATELY PUT INTO HIS BUTTONHOLE AND WORE (AS SHOWN BELOW).



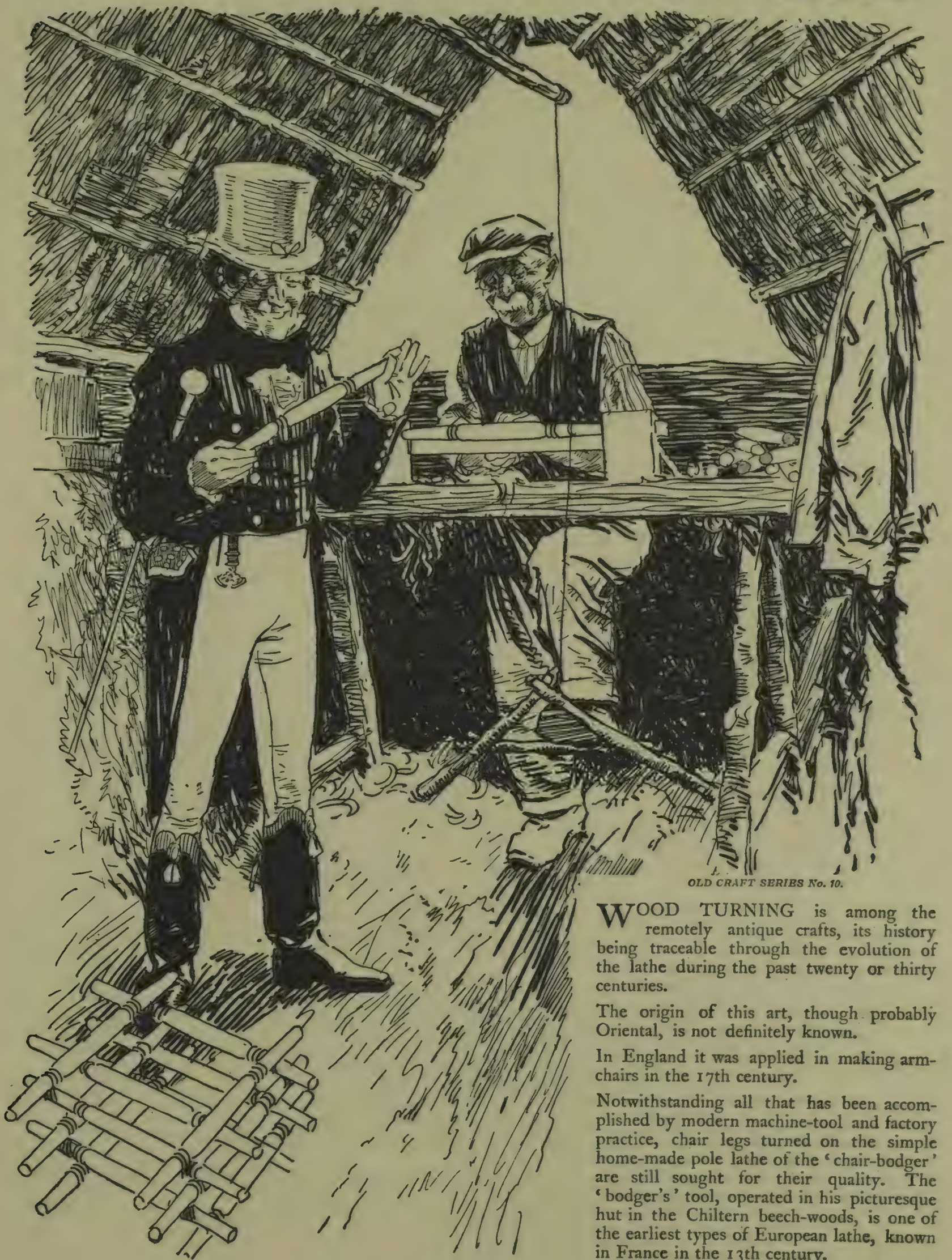
WEARING THE ORPHAN CHILD'S ROSE IN HIS BUTTONHOLE: THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH AN ORCHESTRA OF GIRL STUDENTS AT GRAHAMSTOWN, A TOWN WHICH LATELY CELEBRATED ITS CENTENARY.



THE AFFECTIONATE TOUCH: AN OLD SOUTH AFRICAN FARMER TAKES THE PRINCE BY THE ARM DURING A CHAT—A SIGN OF THE FRIENDLY FEELINGS HE INSPIRED.

The Prince of Wales spent a happy day, on May 15, at Grahamstown, which recently kept its centenary, and was the most English-looking place he had seen in South Africa. The undergraduates of the Rhodes University College greeted him attired as Zulus. He was conveyed to the college in a fancy carriage with a bodyguard of girl students, and watched an exhibition of "Zulu" dancing. At King William's Town, on May 20, he attended, in uniform, an *indaba* of some 10,000 Bantus, the greatest native gathering ever held at that town. Opposite

the royal dais stood the *Mbongo*, or official tribal chanter of praises, who wore a vermillion cape and formed a contrast to the chiefs behind attired in a queer mixture of European garments. When the *Mbongo* had chanted the Prince's praises, and given him the *imi-buliso* (greeting) into the land, ten thousand voices shouted words meaning "Let the heavens drop blessings." Later the Prince visited Bloemfontein, capital of the Orange Free State, and the week-end before leaving for Natal he spent at Clewer House, on the Duke of Westminster's estate.

Born 1820—Still going Strong!

OLD CRAFT SERIES No. 10.

WOOD TURNING is among the remotely antique crafts, its history being traceable through the evolution of the lathe during the past twenty or thirty centuries.

The origin of this art, though probably Oriental, is not definitely known.

In England it was applied in making arm-chairs in the 17th century.

Notwithstanding all that has been accomplished by modern machine-tool and factory practice, chair legs turned on the simple home-made pole lathe of the 'chair-bodger' are still sought for their quality. The 'bodger's' tool, operated in his picturesque hut in the Chiltern beech-woods, is one of the earliest types of European lathe, known in France in the 13th century.

**Pride of Production is the Stimulus of True Craftsmanship
—hence the Superiority of "Johnnie Walker."**

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

LADY ALEXANDRA CURZON youngest daughter of the late Marquess Curzon, is a god-daughter of Queen Alexandra. She was born about two years before the death of her beautiful mother. She is a very pretty girl, and a great favourite. Two seasons ago there were rumours that she was likely to be the bride of Prince George, because two attractive, very young people danced together, played tennis, and were together at races enjoying each other's youth and good looks. Lady Alexandra is now engaged to a big Irishman, a soldier and a good fellow, who is in the suite of the Prince of Wales. Lady Alexandra, who is very well off, loves outdoor life, and hunted for a season with her eldest sister, now Lady Ravensdale, from Melton Mowbray. The late Lord Curzon left Kedleston to his nephew, now Viscount Scarsdale, who married some two years back Miss Mildred Dunbar. The new Viscount, who was in the Scots Greys and is now in the Reserve of Officers, but working in the Diplomatic Service, intends to give up his London house and the Diplomatic Service, and live at Kedleston, devoting himself to working the estate. The late Marquess had looked forward to retiring from public life and himself living at Kedleston. His other residences, including 1, Carlton House Terrace, he has left to his widow, who is a wealthy woman. The new Viscount Scarsdale has one little daughter.

Lady Louis Mountbatten is having a dance on Friday night of this week at Brook House for her only sister, Miss Ruth Mary Clarisse Ashley, who chooses her middle name for everyday's most common use. She is a dainty little lady, with very blue eyes and red-gold hair, also with the pretty skin that almost invariably goes with the hair that Titian so often painted. She will probably be almost as well endowed with this world's goods as her sister, they being the only grandchildren of the late Sir Ernest Cassel. Brook House is a fine one for a dance, having a spacious double drawing-room on the first floor and a specially fine dining-room on the ground floor. There were some balls there when the late Lord and Lady Tweedmouth had it, and Lady Marjorie Beckett came out at a ball there as Lady Marjorie Greville, when the late Earl and Dowager Countess of Warwick took it for their elder daughter's first season. King Edward was a guest there several times, but principally for men's parties, as Sir Ernest Cassel was a widower, and his girls not grown up. Miss Mary Ashley has Irish blood from her father's side, and has Irish cousins in Lord and Lady Shaftesbury's children and in the children of Captain and Mrs. Hercules Pakenham, whose mother is Colonel Wilfrid Ashley's sister. Her looks are rather Irish, and I am told that she has Irish fascination of manner.

It seems difficult to realise that next week will be Royal Ascot, the zenith of the London season, the world's greatest dress show and good racing thrown in. We have a very large number of American and French and Italian

visitors who intend to ruffle it with the best at Ascot, and the number of applications for vouchers for the Royal Enclosure has never been greater. It has become as crowded a part of the meeting as almost any other. Being what it is, it is the most comfortable. No one is allowed either to stand on chairs to see the races or to reserve seats by placing wraps upon them. These are rules at Sandown and other club enclosures, but are little observed. Ascot being Royal, and the attendants in Ascot livery, rules must be adhered to and the comfort of the many assured. We are told that next week French modistes are to be copied by our own, and that there will be mannequins in the lawn and paddock showing the latest things in fashion. If it is to be a rivalry of interest between the bookies and the modistes, the first will win hands down, for our women love to bet, and to them, apart from the success of their own clothes, their chief interest lies in putting their money on. However, the parade of mannequins will add to the gaiety of an international racing garden party of world-wide reputation.

Lady Donatia Fitzwilliam, now Lady Donatia Gething, chose an earlier hour than usual for her

Here are a quartette of fascinating summer hats which hail from Henry Heath's, 105, Oxford Street, W. Three shades of petunia georgette express the model on the extreme left, and black taffeta trimmed with ospreys that in the centre; next is a study in cherry georgette piped with velvet; and below a simple affair of blue georgette trimmed with a posy of flowers. (See page 1176.)

wedding. There is some slight sign of a return to 11.30 a.m. for smart weddings. It was at one time not so many years back the invariable hour for marriages. When the legal hour was changed to 3 p.m., then 2.15 or 2.30 became the fashionable times. Lady Donatia's early hour was found no loss in prettiness to the wedding, and her mother held a luncheon reception instead of a tea one, which many people liked better. Colonel Gething and his bride have known each other for many years, and have firm friendship as a good background to married life. She is dark and perfectly natural in manner, loves animals and sport and the open. She entered on her twenty-first year in March last. Her eldest sister is Viscountess Carlton, and her younger sister, Lady Helena, will be presented this season; a ball for her followed closely on her sister's wedding. The only son of the house, Viscount Milton, gave *place aux dames* to all his sisters. He will be fifteen in December. The bride and bridegroom will live at Wentworth. Wentworth Woodhouse, the family seat, which was visited by King Edward and Queen Alexandra, is said to be the largest house used by its own owner in England. Colonel Gething is known as the best of good men to all who meet him.

Garden parties will once again be a feature of entertaining for the remainder of the season. As I write, the dates for those at Buckingham Palace have not been announced. There will probably be three, as last season. The Duke of Connaught will have one for Overseas visitors at Clarence House and St. James's Palace. A new departure will be one at the Royal Botanic Gardens for presidents, vice-presidents, and associates of the Queen's Needlework Guild. Princess Mary will receive the guests, and there is little doubt that if her Majesty's engagements permit she will be present. There are other garden parties by well-known people. Doubtless Mrs. Baldwin's second reception for Overseas visitors will be in the garden, as it comes in July. A. E. L.



Two perfectly tailored country outfits which have been built by Burberrys, in the Haymarket, S.W. The coat and skirt is of cinnamon Saxony suiting striped with nigger and faintly overchecked with red; while the coat is of mottled tweed. (See page 1176.)

NIGHTMARES

THE PICNIC



The Inventor of Picnics is luckily dead,
Or a price would be set on his cynical head;
After fagging up-hill in the glare and the heat
Hard-boiled eggs and jam-puffs seem too loathsome to eat!



How did Primitive Man get the kettle to boil?
Dick has kindled damp twigs after back-breaking toil,
But the flame flickers low and the water is chill,
And his face turns bright puce as he puffs with a will.



Every wasp for miles round has got wind of the feast,
And the flies buzz and bite in their millions, at least;
When a nice padded chair is the seat one likes best,
There's a lack of repose about Earth's stony breast.



With a sense of repletion come feelings less crude,
And the Victims have ceased to be actively rude;
As they light up Abdullas, all Fragrance and Charm,
Even Picnics appear to have moments of calm.

F. R. HOLMES.

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Egyptian

"A DREAM OF DELIGHT."

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THRILLS AT COVENT GARDEN.

THE present season of Grand Opera is remarkable, among other things, for the extraordinarily high level of the acting and the general stage management. The acting of opera singers was, at one time, a standing joke, and, although it was generally Italian tenors and prima-donnas who were guilty of its worst exhibitions of ludicrous posing and gesturing, yet many German singers were not very much better. Wagner was, of course, the first opera composer to whom the drama was as important as the music, and he was always very insistent on the singers understanding their parts and having a true conception of the dramatic meaning of the rôles they had to play, quite apart from their vocal proficiency. The reason is quite plain when we consider even so early an opera as "Der Fliegende Holländer," of which a magnificent performance was given last week at Covent Garden.

Of all Wagner's early operas, "Der Fliegende Holländer" most depends for its effect upon adequate acting and stage management. The present production is an unusually good one. In fact, I have never seen a finer performance. Mme. Frida Leider was a superb Senta, and sang the ballad in the second act with such magnificent breadth and variety of colour that one really felt that her imagination had been gripped by the ill-starred, lonely

Dutchman. And fortunately the Dutchman himself, in the person of Mr. Emil Schipper, was every bit as fine. Indeed, for once in a while, the honours of the evening went to the man, for the Dutchman is much the more difficult part to make really effective. Mr. Schipper, however, was completely successful. Tall in figure, imposing in appearance, made up with extraordinary effectiveness, his every movement and gesture was strange, simple, and impressive.

ance of the Dutchman in the second act, at the doorway underneath his picture, just as Senta, concluding her ballad, has slowly turned round and gazes at the portrait, having addressed the Dutchman in imagination, asking him when he will find the woman who will be faithful to him. At this moment, so superbly had Frida Leider sung, so beautifully timed had been her movements and the entry of the Dutchman, and so exactly strange and supernatural seemed the Dutchman himself as acted by Emil Schipper, that one was sensible of a thrill that went through the whole of the immense Covent Garden audience.

In the first act the Steersman's song was excellently sung by Mr. Hans Clemens, and the phantom ship was very effectively thrown up upon the horizon; while the management of the two ships anchored in the foreground was almost all that could be desired—except for the extremely jerky and unnatural rocking of Daland's ship. As Daland, Mr. Richard Mayr gave a very rich "groggy" and suggestive performance, which passed off the rather inferior and Italianate

music which Wagner wrote for that part, somewhat better than is customary. The choruses were far better done than they have been in any other production so far at Covent Garden this season; and the last act, which has some very effective choral writing, went off admirably. Even the magical lightning effects in the rigging of the Dutchman's ship were successful—and, in fact, throughout, the right romantic note was

[Continued on page 1178.]



"LAOCOON" REVERSED: A TWENTY-FOOT PYTHON IN THE GRIP OF EIGHT MEN, AFTER BEING UNPACKED AT THE "ZOO" ON ITS ARRIVAL FROM SINGAPORE.

The enormous python here seen was brought home from Malaya by Mr. Hicks, a representative of the "Zoo," who returned a few days ago from Singapore with the finest collection of animals that has reached this country since the war. Besides the python, it included a large number of other reptiles and fishes, some gibbons, two sun bears, and a tapir.—[Photograph by G.P.A.]

One might have forgotten all about the music and have yet found one's attention rivetted by the performance as sheer drama, so remarkable was the acting of the two chief characters. And, although "Der Fliegende Holländer" was written when Wagner was only about twenty-nine, yet nowhere does his genius for dramatic effect show more markedly than in this work. Take, for example, the sudden appear-

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DEWAR'S

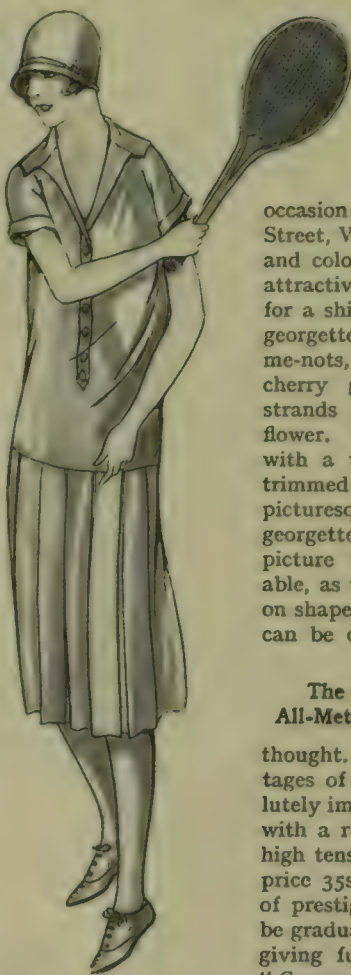
Fashions and Fancies.

Accessories for the Races.

Sunshades fashioned of gaily flowered chiffon and adorned with little bouquets of real blossoms attached to the handles and ferrules have been created to match the Ascot frocks this year. And if the real flowers prove too extravagant an adornment, there are others fashioned of organdie painted in exquisite colourings or of delicately tinted lace. The same flowers are used to border the long gossamer scarves which flutter gaily on all the frocks, for the day of the scarf is by no means over. On the contrary, the scarf has grown more important, for these fascinating affairs destined for elaborate toilettes are of chiffon and georgette, hand-painted in artistic designs, and hemmed with ostrich plumes; while others boast a deep border of broderie Anglaise revealing glimpses of a contrasting colour beneath. And, if rain should banish these charming frivolities, there are rainshades decorated with gaily coloured rubber flowers and brilliant silk waterproofs to brighten the greyness of the skies.

Tailored Fashions for the Summer.

No matter what the weather may elect to do, perfectly cut tweeds are always fashionable at the races, and especially when they are built by Burberrys, in the Haymarket, S.W. Two of their newest models are pictured on page 1172. On the right is a double-breasted coat of mottled summer-weight tweed, built on the lines of a man's Chesterfield, but without the slit at



This practical "All-England" tennis frock, designed and carried out by Lilla, will be welcomed by all active players this season.

the back. The coat and skirt on the left is expressed in cinnamon, Saxony, striped with nigger and faintly overchecked in red. There are many new tweeds available, woven in attractive patterns and colouring. The Solgardine Burberrys, expressed in bright new colours, are ideal for the races and summer sports, giving reliable protection in all weathers. A special folder showing the new colours can be obtained by request, and will be sent gratis and post free to all readers of this paper.

Hats for All Occasions.

Whether it be for fashionable functions or for sports, attractive hats to meet the occasion are to be seen at Henry Heath's (105, Oxford Street, W.), who will make their models to any size and colourings. In these salons may be studied the attractive quartette sketched on page 1172. Designed for a shingled head is the wide-brimmed hat of blue georgette (below) trimmed with a posy of forget-me-nots, and on the right is a picturesque affair of cherry georgette, the brim striped with narrow strands of ribbon velvet matching the large velvet flower. The centre model, with the brim turned up with a tricorn effect, is expressed in black taffeta trimmed with ospreys; and on the extreme left is a picturesque affair carried out in shades of petunia georgette. Then there are bangkoks, pedal straws, picture hats, and cloches in every shade imaginable, as well as sports felts. The "Golpha," a pull-on shape of light-weight fur felt bound with ribbon, can be obtained for 25s. in all the newest shades.

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For Those Eastward Bound.

The many travellers who are sailing for the Far East during the next few months are busily engaged in assembling a suitable wardrobe. A goodly number of light frocks is essential, and here Lilla, of 7, Lower Grosvenor Place, S.W., will prove an invaluable aid, for she not only carries out delightful models in any desired colours and materials, but also renovates old frocks and suits, altering them beyond recognition. Sketched here is one of the many attractive race frocks pictured in her brochure, and the practical "All England" tennis frock with the skirt box-pleated in front. It ranges in price from £1 19s. 6d., carried out in piqué, to £5 15s. 6d. in heavy-weight crêpe-de-Chine. Lilla's illustrated catalogue will be sent gratis and post free on request to all readers of this paper.



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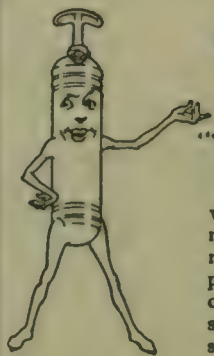


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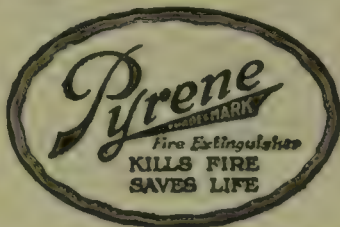
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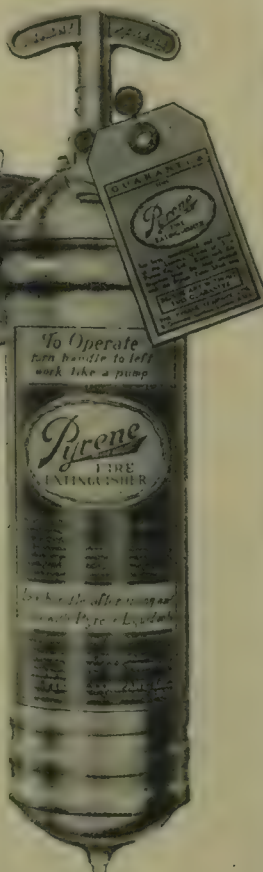
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Continued from page 1174.

cleverly maintained. Mr. Bruno Walter conducted, and the orchestra was admirable. "Der Fliegende Holländer," apart from the sombre beauty of some of its music, is a dramatic work of extraordinary imaginative power, and as performed at Covent Garden will provide the most hardened opera-goer with a first-rate thrill. I cannot imagine any work better suited to serve as an introduction to opera to children than "Der Fliegende Holländer." It is the very incarnation of romance, and dull indeed must be the mind that is not stirred by it.

A work of a very different class is Richard Strauss's opera "Elektra," which also has been revived this season. This is intended to be an extremely blood-curdling affair indeed, and it undoubtedly does excite a large number of people. Personally I find it as lacking in imagination as a wax-work chamber of horrors. It is one of those extravagant, frigid inventions of the intelligence, and is cold at the heart. There is no real life-blood in it, only scarlet paint. But thanks, however, to the plentiful daubing of scarlet paint upon her lips, and a Medusa-like make-up, Mme. Olczewska, by dint also of tremendous exertions, did produce some sort of effect as Klytemnestra. This admirable singer proved to us by her fine performances as Ortrud and Brangäne that she is an actress of remarkable gifts, and her Klytemnestra deserves better material than the dramatist has given her.

"Elektra" appeared to make a considerable impression upon the audience. I think it will be found, nevertheless, that musically, beneath all the surface ingenuity and cleverness, it is very thin stuff. It is impossible to deny that it is a *tour de force* to keep an orchestra going for an hour and a half on so monotonous a theme. It is like a poet having to write a canto in which every third word was the word "blood"; and nobody but a musician of extraordinary virtuosity such as Strauss could possibly have done it. But I do maintain that there are in it no moments of real musical inspiration, no unforgettable themes, or even musical figures. In fact, it seems to be a perfect object-lesson of intellectual ingenuity trying to take the place of imagination. I find it all contrived, contrived, contrived—a mere succession of cleverly-planned noises, all fitted together with the utmost cunning, but without any warmth or inspiration.

Mr. Bruno Walter conducted, and those fine artists, Mr. Friedrich Schorr and Mme. Gertrud Kappel, as Orestes and Elektra, shared the ardours of the performance with Mme. Olczewska. In



AN ACADEMY PORTRAIT OF THE HEAD OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ENGLAND: "HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL BOURNE, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER," BY A. CHEVALLIER TAYLER.

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"Elektra" there is no question of failure of effect. It is rather a question of what sort the effect is, since a composer of the calibre of Richard Strauss does

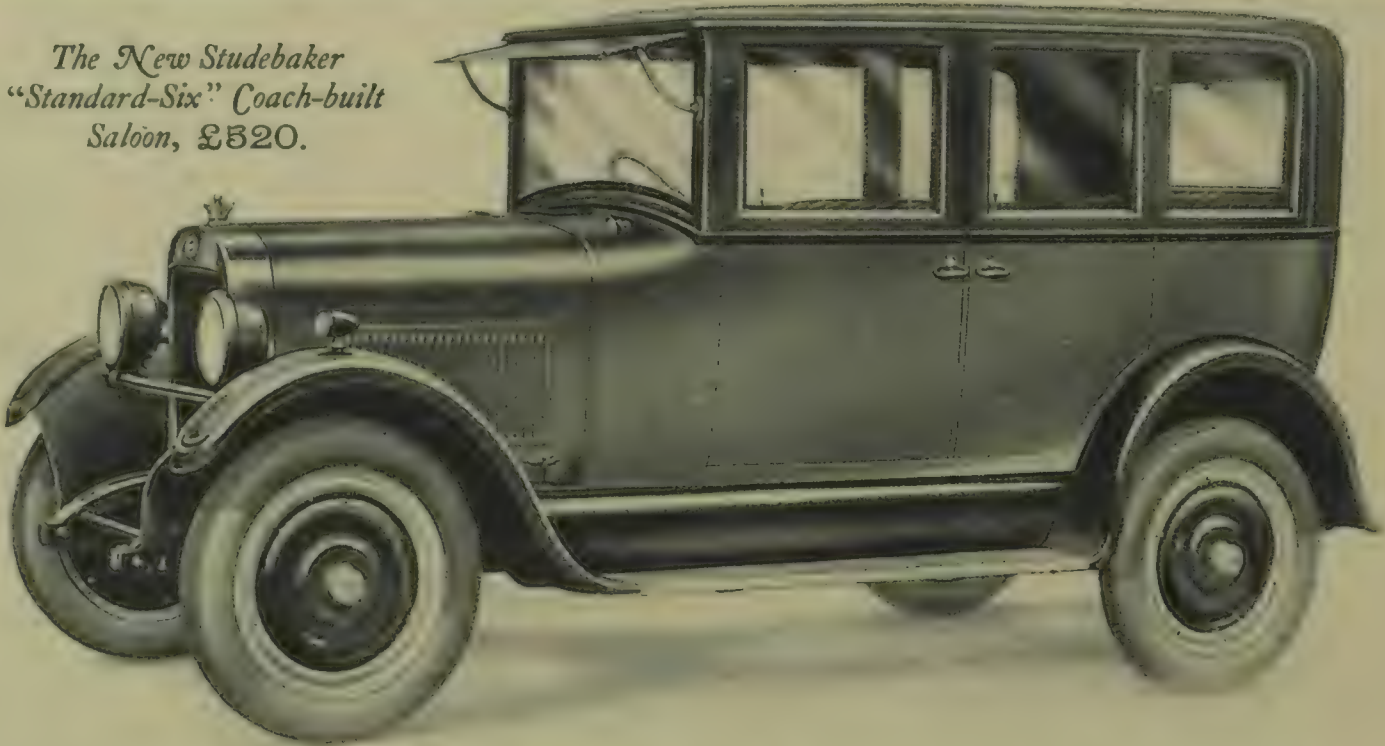
not spend months of labour upon an opera that is completely futile. But I regard "Salomé" and "Elektra" as examples of the way in which a man of extraordinary talent can be led out of the path of his true development by a fashion of his age. "Salomé" and "Elektra" are the offspring of that megalomania and craving for violent melodrama which afflicted Europe and particularly Germany during the decade or two before the war.

Most of us last year, upon the revival of "Salomé," found it boring and—to be absolutely candid—stupid. If the verdict upon "Elektra" is not quite so decisive a one, it is, I believe, only because the shallow cacophony of "Elektra" is a little more ingeniously constructed, a little less patently vulgar, than that of "Salomé." Essentially they are the same. They are not tragedy, as "Tristan und Isolde" is tragedy; they are not drama, as "Der Fliegende Holländer" is drama; and they certainly are not comedy; but they are Grand Guignol shockers, and the taste for Grand Guignol shockers, while a very widely spread one, is nevertheless an ignoble one, and one not to be indulged in too freely without danger of a degradation in taste. The word "decadent" is so unintelligently used that it has become almost meaningless, and, also, one dislikes using a word that is merely a term of abuse, but I think the word "decadent" can be applied to such works as "Salomé" and "Elektra" with a more literal and intelligible meaning than usual. It is always easier to produce a sensation by pulling a thing down than by building it up. To me the opera "Der Fliegende Holländer" is a creation, an imaginative construction which stays in our mind as a memory, and enriches it; whereas "Salomé" and "Elektra" only affect one's nerves as any disintegration—like an accident, or a fire, or a collision, or a murder—does. One leaves Covent Garden after a performance of "Salomé" or "Elektra" nervously exhausted, as one would leave a street accident that had excited one; but not purged, exhilarated and revitalised, as one is after hearing a really great work of musical art. It is in this sense, therefore, that

I will describe these two Strauss operas as decadent, and as unworthy of the composer who wrote "Der Rosenkavalier."

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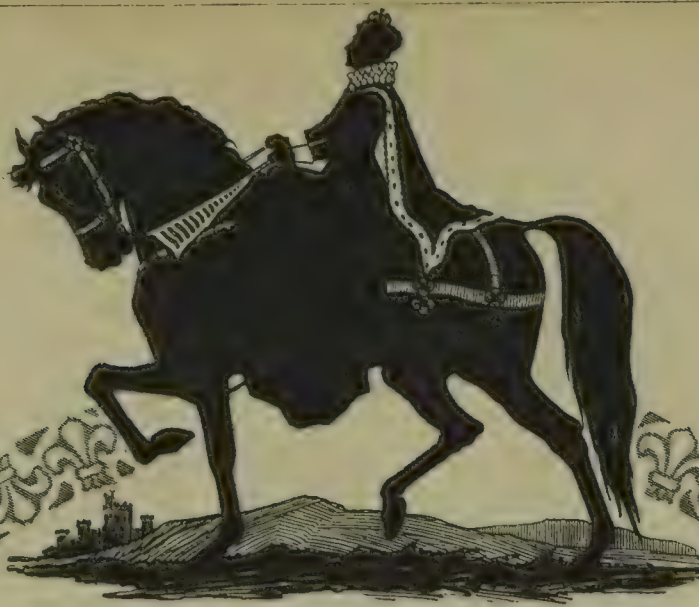
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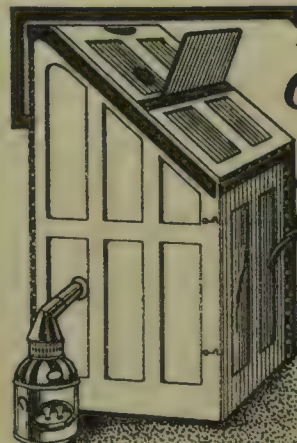
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

"Heavies" and the Roads.

When the Road Traffic Bill comes under discussion, it is to be hoped that some serious effort will be made to adjust the burden of taxation in relation to the actual damage caused to road surfaces by the various types of traffic. Of course, now that we have before us the lesson taught by the silk tax that there is really no difficulty in administering and collecting a complicated series of internal duties, it is possible—even if hardly probable—that we may get back to the fuel tax. That may be in the nature of a pious hope, but it is just a hope nevertheless. All prejudice and partisanship apart, the damage which is being done to road surfaces by heavy motor traffic is simply enormous, and out of all proportion to the taxation paid for highway purposes by the motor-lorry, the omnibus, and the charabanc. No sooner is a road repaired or reconstructed than it is worn into ruts and waves by the heavy vehicles which travel at fast speeds over it. I have one example in my mind at the moment. Every day I travel over the main Brighton road between Sutton and Mitcham. It is a well-made and well-laid road, but it looks for all the world as though a tramway track ran along it. On

either side are worn deep ruts in the tarmac surface, exactly to the gauge of the standard motor-omnibus—which has, in fact, assisted by heavy lorries, been responsible for their existence. Yet per mile these vehicles pay less than the light car, which does not do ten shillings' worth of damage to the roads in ten thousand miles. I know the subject is not a novel one. As a fact, it has been worn almost threadbare by constant reiteration, but unless we keep it well to the fore there is very little hope for readjustment. I trust the motoring organisations are keeping it well in view against the day of discussion.

The Danger of Tyre Bursts.

The vogue of the balloon tyre has once more directed a measure of attention to the danger of a burst or otherwise suddenly deflated tyre. I quite agree that there is danger in such a case. We know that burst tyres have caused many a

car to leave the road, with serious consequences, sometimes fatal, to driver and passengers. At the same time, I am strongly of opinion that the danger really lies in the driver, and not actually in the accident itself. I have had many tyres burst, both on the road and on the track, but—I am touching wood!—I have never crashed as a consequence, or even been in serious danger of so doing. When a front tyre goes, it certainly causes a severe drag on the steering, and if one is not prepared for it, things are likely to happen. But one ought to be prepared for the unexpected at all times and to be able instinctively to do the right thing. Most of the serious crashes following on burst tyres are caused, I am certain, by the fact that they usually go with a loud report; the driver is not expecting it and is startled out of his self-control

for a moment, and, before he can recover, the car is off the road and things have happened. He is the more likely to let the car run amok, because tyres usually go when travelling fast and there is little



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time to correct the instant deflection that follows a burst. The moral is that one ought at all times when driving to be ready for all things.

A Dangerous Practice.

It is good to know that the A.A. has seriously taken up the conduct of a certain type of driver who demonstrates his resentment against bright headlights by driving at the car he considers an offender. A more dangerous practice cannot be imagined. Anyone who indulges in it ought to go to prison without the option of a fine, for it may justly be regarded as being every bit as bad as being drunk while at the wheel. The Association prosecuted a driver at the Romford Court the other day, and secured a conviction. In hearing the case the magistrates said very plainly that they had nothing to do with the question of whether to dim or not, but in the case under trial the defendant had driven dangerously and must be fined. I trust that every case of the kind will be similarly dealt with by the Association or the R.A.C.

W. W.

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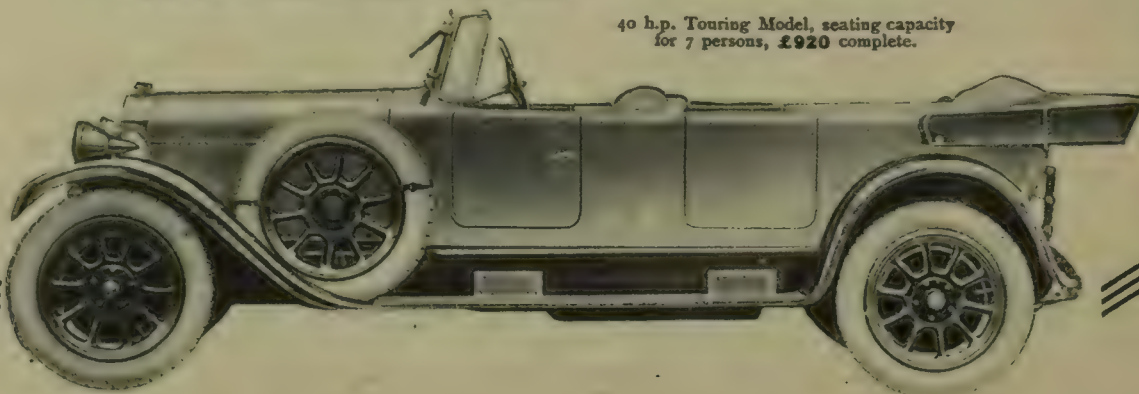
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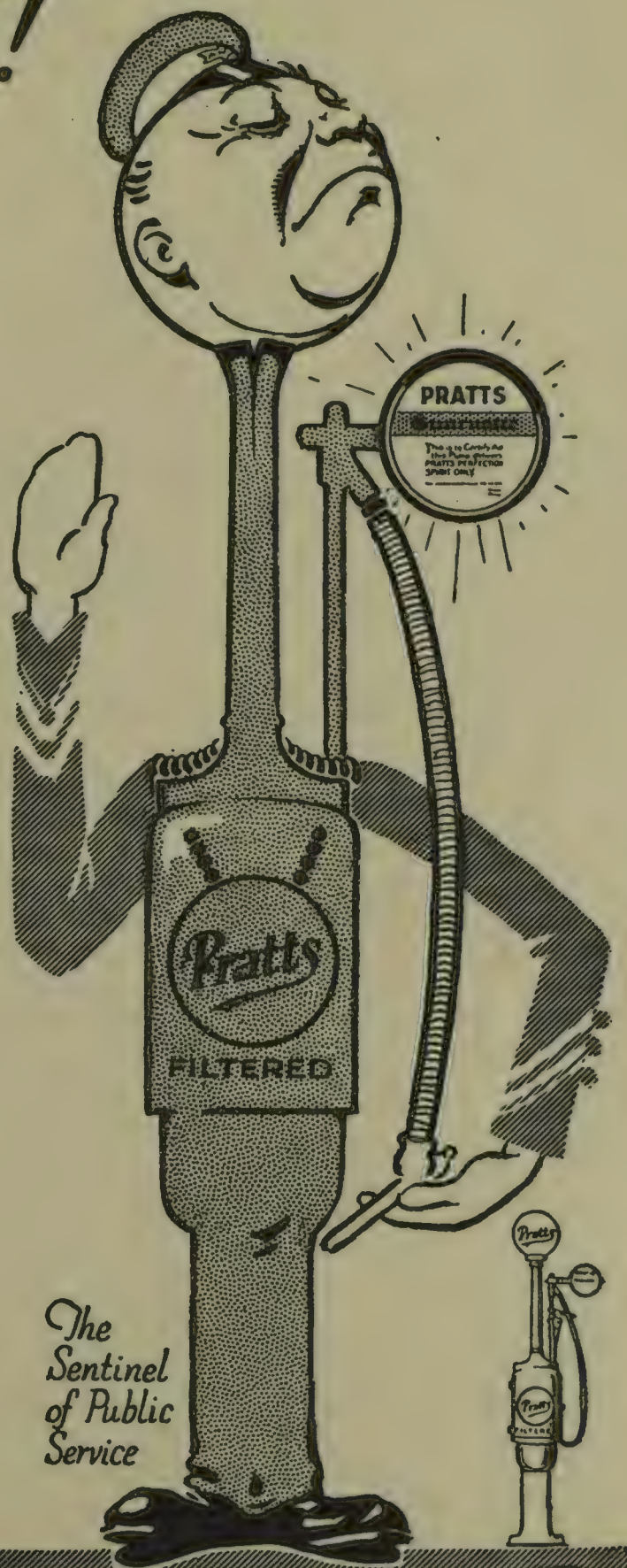
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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WHEN high-born woman stoops to literature, she does not always win success, and the same is true—with bright exceptions, of course—of her patrician brothers. Though in modern days there have been many titled authors, from Scott and Tennyson onwards, the list of those who, like Byron, were men of quality first and writers afterwards, is comparatively short. "Listen, lords and ladies gay!" says the poet, and in all ages lords and ladies have been better listeners than poets (using the word in its wider sense of "makers"). In fiction, for example, we have had few authentic stories of Society (with a capital S) written from within the magic circle; most novelists who have essayed the subject, like Captain R's washerwoman, have loved it "from afar," or, at best, from the outer fringe; some have even lived by taking in its soiled linen.

This preamble leads up to a new book by one who combines social position with a genuine literary gift. Lady Troubridge writes like a lady of quality in both senses, and whenever, in her novels, she describes the doings of the great, the reader may feel sure that the picture is correct. Apart from that consideration, however, she has wide sympathies with humanity in general, and she wields a happy and vivacious pen. This faculty, rather than the accident of social status, lends charm to "MEMORIES AND REFLECTIONS," by Lady Troubridge (Heinemann; 10s. 6d. net), one of the most attractive books of reminiscences that have come my way for a long time.

That her appeal is to the common heart, and not to any exclusive set, is evident at once from the spirit of her foreword, in which she says: "Very diffidently I whisper to you: 'These are my memories; make them yours in the sense in which something read and understood can become one's own. For a brief space remember with me.'" Readers will be wise to accept this invitation, for she remembers much that is part of our national story.

Lady Troubridge, whose maiden name was Laura Gurney, comes of the well-known Norfolk family, and is a great-niece of Elizabeth Fry (née Gurney) the prison reformer. She married her first cousin, Sir Thomas Troubridge, son of a Crimean hero of the same name. Her mother, who was partly of French descent, had been (before her marriage to Charles Gurney) Miss Alice Prinsep,



A CHARMING PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG SPORTSWOMAN AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: "PRISCILLA WEIGALL," BY ARCHIBALD BARNES.

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and was a first cousin of the late Lady Henry Somerset and Adeline Duchess of Bedford. Mrs. Charles Gurney was "a member of that coterie of persons familiarly known as 'the Marlborough House set,'" of which King Edward, as Prince of Wales, was the central figure.

It is interesting at the moment to read that "Ascot in those days was as great a function as it is now, and the women's dresses were as elaborate and costly, which somehow seemed ridiculous to my mother, who took advantage of her position as a beauty and the known possessor of good taste to fly in the face of this convention. I have been told of the sensation caused by her arrival in the Royal Enclosure in a simple tussore dress or a white poplin." Ascot, too, was the occasion when Victorian maidens had the greatest freedom for flirtations.

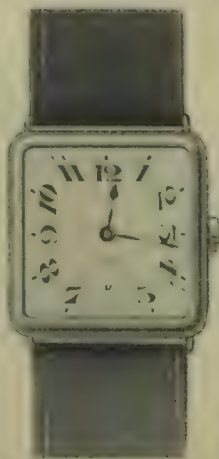
The sensational failure of Gurney's Bank, on a certain "black Friday" changed the family fortunes. Lady Troubridge and her sister, then young children, went to live with their grandparents, the Prinseps, at Little Holland House, where they came under the spell of George Frederick Watts, the painter, a member of the household. Another friend was Tennyson, and at his suggestion the Prinseps removed to the Isle of Wight, where Watts built them a house near the poet's home at Farringford. To the children, Watts was familiarly known as Signor. "His sense of humour was acute, and he adored stories against himself. One . . . concerned Julia Margaret Cameron, our great-aunt. She . . . was entertaining a German traveller at her Freshwater home, Dimbola, and introducing him to her other distinguished guests, whose fame lost nothing at her hands. 'Here,' she said, 'is Alfred Tennyson, the greatest poet in England,' and so on; everyone was unparalleled in his own line. When it came to Signor's turn, the German was growing restive; but Aunt Julia would not spare him. 'And here,' she said, pulling Signor forward, 'is G. F. Watts, the greatest painter in the whole wide world.' It was too much. He turned on her, and in a voice guttural with anger, said in English: 'I subscribe not to that opinion. Also in Germany very good painters have we.' It was Julia Cameron who compelled Tennyson to be vaccinated, against his will, during a small-pox scare. She was one of the few who dared to beard the lion in his den. Lady Troubridge, then a little girl, used to accompany him on his walks, and has some amusing anecdotes of his "bearishness." Later, when she was twelve, she met Browning in the Academy, and

[Continued overleaf.]



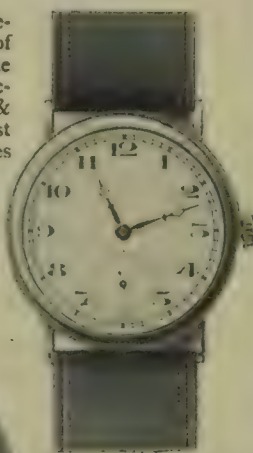
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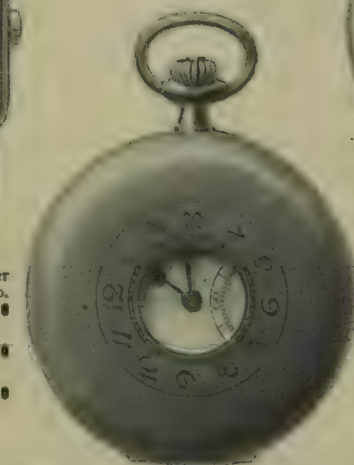


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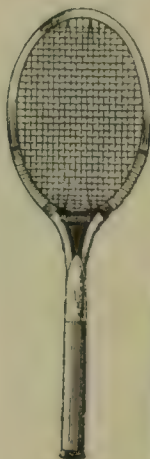
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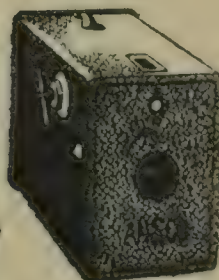
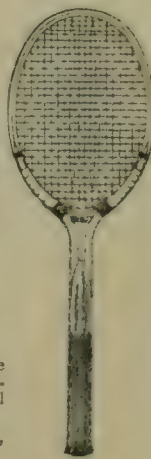
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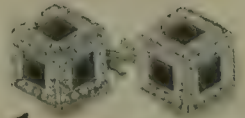
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(Continued.)

he made an impromptu rhyme for her on a picture of the Judgment of Paris.

It would fill too much space to enumerate all the other notable people of whom Lady Troubridge has interesting things to record. There is pathos as well as humour in some of her memories, especially in the chapter on her brilliant sister Rachel, the late Countess of Dudley, who so endeared herself to the people of Ireland and of Australia during her husband's respective terms as Viceroy and Governor-General; who did such fine hospital work in the war; and met a tragic fate some four years ago in Connemara. Another passage of family interest is that relating to Admiral Troubridge, whose action in the *Goeben* and *Breslau* affair was amply vindicated by the naval authorities. In her recollections of travel, Lady Troubridge takes us to Cairo, Sweden, the West Indies, Biarritz, and Pau. Of King Edward, whom she knew first as a little girl, she speaks with great affection as "the most faithful friend and the kindest of men." At her first ball (at the French Embassy) he made a point of dancing with her, and, finding that she knew few people, sent his son, the late Duke of Clarence, to do likewise. After his accession, she saw much of him at Biarritz.

In the later chapters Lady Troubridge describes her experiences of housekeeping, parenthood, education, war-hospital duty, and novel-writing. She has many shrewd things to say about marriage, the servant problem, labour-saving homes, the upbringing of girls, women's dress, modern dances as compared with the days of chaperons, changes in social manners and customs, fellow novelists, and actors and actresses she has met. In everything she holds the balance true between past and present, with a hopeful outlook on the future. She moves with the times, and she is to be counted, as she counts Queen Alexandra, among the "ever young."

The illustrations include a portrait of Lady Troubridge by Watts—"Myself at Sixteen" and his drawing of her mother as a child. One regrets the absence of any of those early photographs taken in the old Farringford days by the irresistible "Aunt Julia," who, we are told,

"photographed everyone she met, great people and small ones," among them Darwin and Huxley, Sir Henry Taylor, Tennyson, and Watts.

There are women writers, it is said, who purposely refrain from giving their Christian names under the impression that their sex would be against them. I am sure this is a mistake, and that no decent reviewer would be unfair to a woman's work. If any such prejudice ever existed, it is dead to-day, and, moreover, many modern critics are women themselves. I do not at all suggest that "WANDERINGS IN THE MIDDLE EAST," by A. Sloan, with nineteen illustrations (Hutchinson; 18s. net), is an example of any such innocent camouflage, but merely record the fact that, in reading it, my attention was long distracted from other matters by uncertainty whether the author was man or woman. Man seemed to be indicated by an early statement that "In October 1917 I had spent my last night of leave at Covent Garden," but against that was the dedication to "Violet M. Hume, in memory of our happy travels," and, of course, a woman might have been "on leave" in those days. Arriving at Baalbek (on page 202) I felt a strong sympathy with the old Turk innkeeper, who "longed for a clue as to who we were, where we came from, and what we did," and it was not till I reached Baghdad (near the end of the book) that the truth was revealed in the words: "There were few British women in Baghdad . . . so the appearance of three new women who had appeared as if transported by the djinn from nowhere caused much comment. We were stared at and openly talked about." They had, indeed, been transported from Damascus to Baghdad by means almost as remarkable, for at Damascus the author writes: "We were setting out to do that which had never been done before—to cross the Syrian desert from west to east and back again in ordinary motor-cars." In the whole of their wanderings, the travellers covered 3000 miles by car.

This is a very interesting and entertaining book, and it might have been still more so if the author had less carefully veiled her own identity and had given more of the personal touch regarding her companions and the people they met—among whom, in Baghdad, were Lady

Cox, wife of Sir Percy Cox, and Miss Gertrude Bell, and, in Petra, the Emir Abdullah and Mr. Philby. In a book of this type a certain amount of modest egotism is nowadays not only tolerated, but demanded; and, even as it is, there are many indications of a charming and sympathetic personality.

The spirit in which she explored Jerusalem and Bethlehem is shown in the remark that "the Bible is by far the best guide-book to use in Palestine or in Trans-Jordania." She describes finely the ruined glories and historical associations of Palmyra, Baalbek, and Petra, the "rose-red" city of Arabia, and incidentally imparts much historical information. At the same time, she has a quick eye for the humorous side of trivial incidents. I shall reserve her book for re-reading more at leisure.

Mr. E. V. Lucas has been delving in the past of German fiction, and has unearthed the works of Dr. Julius Stinde, long out of print in English. The first translation of "The Buchholz Family" appeared here in 1886, and was followed by three of its sequels—"The Buchholz Family, Second Part," "Frau Wilhelmine," and "The Buchholzes in Italy." "My enjoyable duty," says Mr. Lucas, "has been to extract from these books what seemed to me the most entertaining passages . . . and join them together with some explanatory cement. I might, had I wished, have borrowed from the further sequels. . . . But the cream is here." The result of his abridgment is "MASTERFUL WILHELMINE," by Julius Stinde, presented to English readers by E. V. Lucas (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). To those who can forget intervening events, and take pleasure in the satirical self-revelation of a snobbish and match-making Berlin *hausfrau*, in the 'seventies and 'eighties of last century, the book offers plenty of amusement. Contemporary English critics described the Buchholz "saga" as Dickensian, but Mr. Lucas finds it "more realistic" and nearer akin to Barry Pain's "Eliza" and George Grossmith's "Diary of a Nobody." It has one Dickensian quality, at any rate—frequent descriptions of eating and drinking; and Frau Buchholz can claim a place among the German comic characters. The book would lend itself well to humorous illustration. C. E. B.



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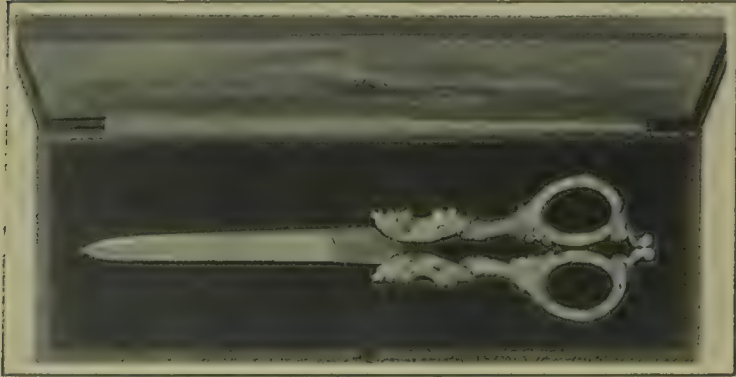
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who are companions in adventure, with a hunt for diamonds up an African river, and with all those suggestions of danger threatening white explorers from savage assailants, for which our stage has shown a liking lately in the shape of the distant sound of drum-beats, the mutiny of black guides, and the sieges of stockades. Twenty years ago we should have called this sort of yarn a melodrama, but we are too polite to use the term nowadays, though melodrama could and can still be good or bad, and Sir Patrick Hastings's sample belongs most distinctly to the good variety. Its men, with the exception of its Portuguese villain, have most marvellously good hearts; its heroine tarnished her reputation to save her husband from being condemned to death for murder. Lover is prepared to sacrifice himself to husband, and husband is ready to risk death to load with jewels a wife he believes faithless and indifferent to him—all the old conventions of sentiment, it

will be seen, are followed. But at the same time the playwright has a plot to work out, and works it out in consistently exciting fashion, his best moment being that in which the husband has to choose between the diamonds and deserting a crippled comrade, and risks the reproaches of cowardice and betrayal by plunging into the river. Very earnest are Mr.

Leslie Faber and Mr. Owen Nares in the parts of husband and lover, and very placid is Miss Jessie Winter as the wife, so much so that you wonder why such a heroine should have provoked such storms of devotion. The most effective acting is that of Mr. Clifford Mollison as a cheery and loyal Cockney, killed off much too early in the tale.

"CLEOPATRA." AT DALY'S.

Tuneful and consistently pleasing music from the pen of Oscar Straus; pretty singing and clear utterance on the part of the deservedly popular Miss Evelyn Laye; costumes and scenery designed to recall "the atmosphere of ancient Egypt"—these are among the recommendations of the new musical comedy just produced at Daly's under the title of "Cleopatra," and, if only they can be supplemented by more humour than the libretto contains at present, may help it to the usual long Daly run. The piece has moments of drama and excitement; it is well supplied with dance as well as song; Mr. Alec Fraser, as representative of its young Roman, Silvius, with whom Cleopatra is supposed to have an affair in Antony's

absence, cuts a handsome figure, and has a good voice; the chorus moves with precision, but the fun still needs developing.

OUR COLOUR-PHOTOGRAVURE PLATE.

THE colour-plate given with this issue, showing an Atlantic liner taking in oil fuel from a tanker, is the second example of a remarkable new colour process introduced by *The Illustrated London News*. The first specimen of this process—colour-photogravure—appeared in our issue of Nov. 8 last, as a plate entitled "A Garden in Spain." As we said then, "Our readers will remark the singular depth of tone, the unusual richness of colouring, and general softness of effect." In that case the plate was printed by the three-colour photogravure process. This week we give an example in which two colours only are used, with a result which we claim is unprecedented in the history of two-colour printing.



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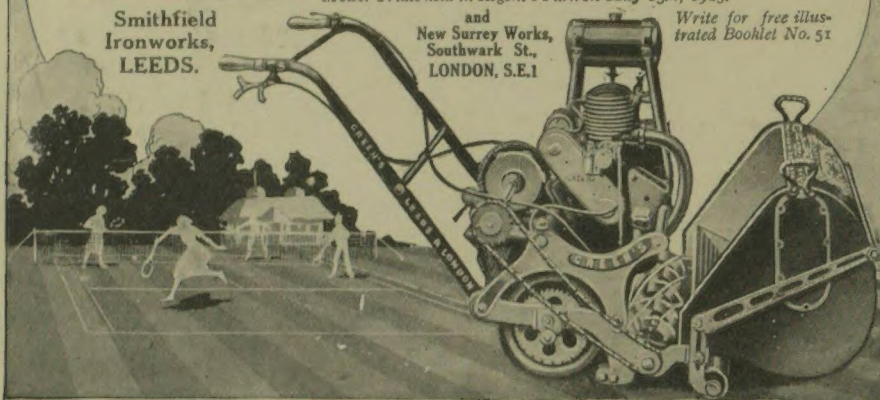
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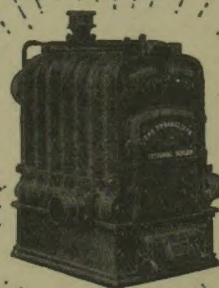
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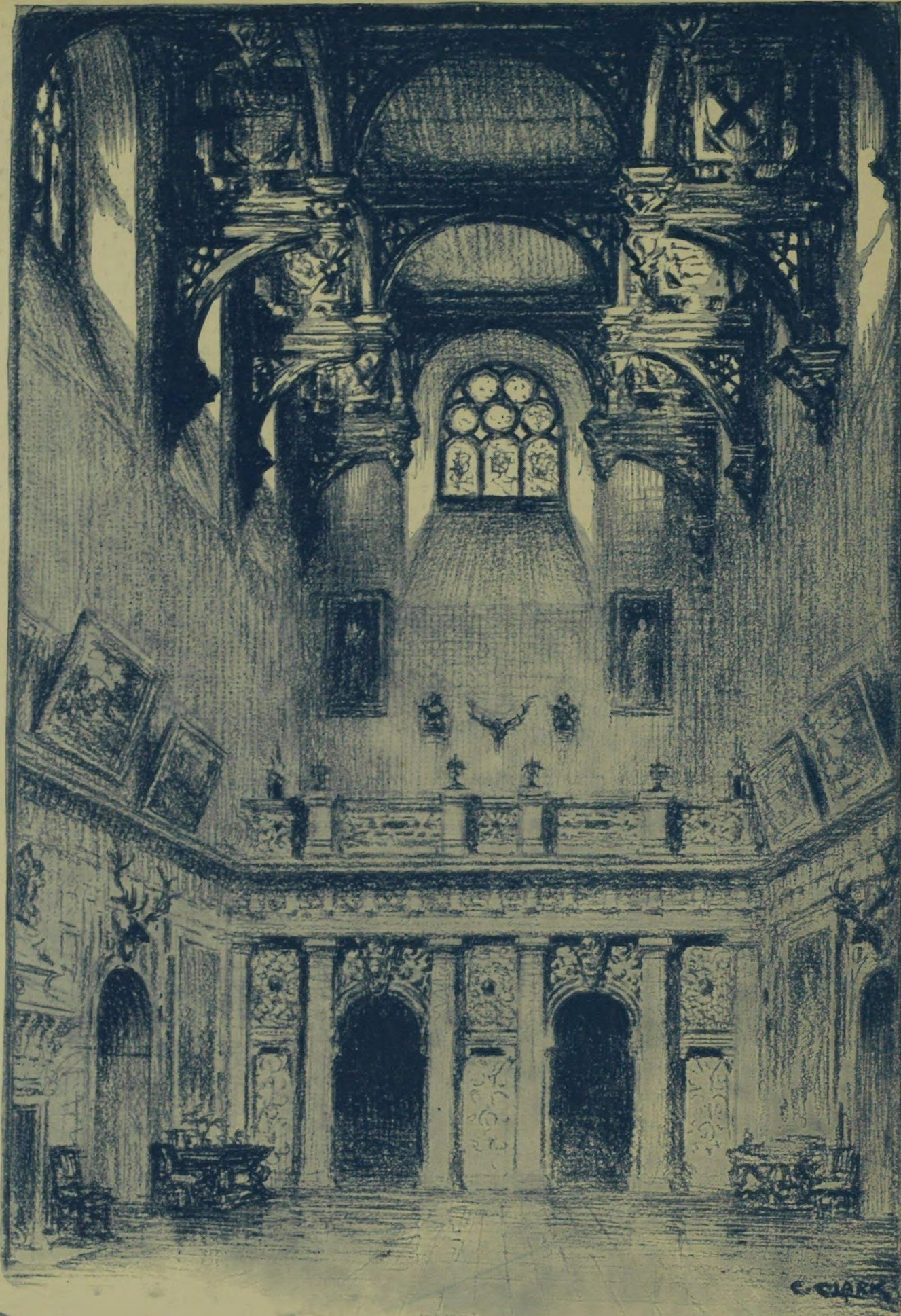


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